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IMPROVEMENT ERA



OCTOBER, 1924

Vol. 27

No. 12

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
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for **VOLUME 28**

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Mutual Work. The activities and instructions of the General Board, its committees and officers, including class, special program, scout and recreation work, will regularly appear. The Advanced Senior Class lessons are printed monthly in the magazine.

Church Schools and Education. Important articles and information are printed concerning Church schools and their progress. Essays, descriptive, historical, scientific and literary appear from leading educators.

Mission Messages. Wherever our missionaries proclaim the gospel, communications come from faithful elders in all parts of the world. Many of these appear in the *Improvement Era*. Photographs of about 870 missionaries were printed in Volume 27. An effort will be made in this depart-

ment to present faith-promoting incidents, thoughts and ideas, new methods, rare travel events, answers to prayer, spiritual direction, interesting conversions, manifestations of the power and the goodness of God, and kindred subjects, briefly and pointedly stated.

Church Music. The *Era* is the organ for the Church Music Committee. A wonderful stride in the furtherance of choirs and sacred music throughout the Church has been made since this committee undertook to suggest and instruct in ward choir singing. Leaders of music, choirs, singers and ward music committees, should read the communications that will appear in Volume 28.

Illustrations. Each year there appears in the *Era* from two to three hundred illustrations, including scenes in Utah, Idaho and other states and foreign lands, Church school and Boy Scout activities, and beautiful scenery in the Rocky Mountains and their valleys.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

Leading authors of Church and State contribute to the *Improvement Era*. Articles from 125 authors appeared in Volume 27, besides 110 who wrote short articles from the stakes and wards and mission fields. In the *Era* you get a wide scope of thought from a variety of sources.

OBTAINING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE ERA

This is the pleasant duty of the Y. M. M. I. A. stake and ward officers. By properly organized effort the work is easy and should be done in September or October. The month of October has been set aside especially for circulating the *Era* by officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. This year cash must accompany the subscription lists when sent in, which will require a little extra work; but we trust that the officers will consider the great value to the cause for which we are laboring, of having the magazine circulated and read among the people, and so make earnest efforts in the work. The blank in this folder may be used by subscribers sending in their own subscriptions. Where our workers find that the *Era* is not known, a short explanation of its mission and worth as found in an editorial of the *Era* for September, 1924, will be helpful. Blanks and lists of subscribers will be furnished by the Stake Superintendent or by the General Secretary on application. Our canvassers should not hesitate to offer the *Era* to people who are not Church members. Many non-members are subscribers, and find much literature in it to greatly interest them.

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Improvement Era

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XXVIII *Improvement Era*, beginning with the issue of November, 1924.

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ADVANCED SENIOR CLASS, *Prophecy and History*, twelve lessons on the *Founding of Utah*. by Levi Edgar Young; and twelve lessons on prophecies in the *Book of Mormon*—a valuable study in prophecy and history. Texts printed monthly in the *Improvement Era*, the first three lessons in the September number. Subscribe now, \$2 in advance for the year, including over 1200 pages of reading matter, besides the lessons.

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JUNIOR DEPARTMENT. The Junior Department this year has two manuals:

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The Optimist and Pessimist

An optimist, with smiling face,
A pessimist, with wrinkled frowns,
Once, starting out to take a walk,
Went on the road between the towns;
And, as they lingered by the way,
Observed the farmers making hay;
And the optimist kept on smiling.

"Now, if I had that job to do,"
The pessimist at once complained,
"I'd do a little at a time
And haul it in before it rained;
For though the sky is clear, I'll say,
The rain sure'll come an' spile th' hay!"
And the optimist kept on smiling.

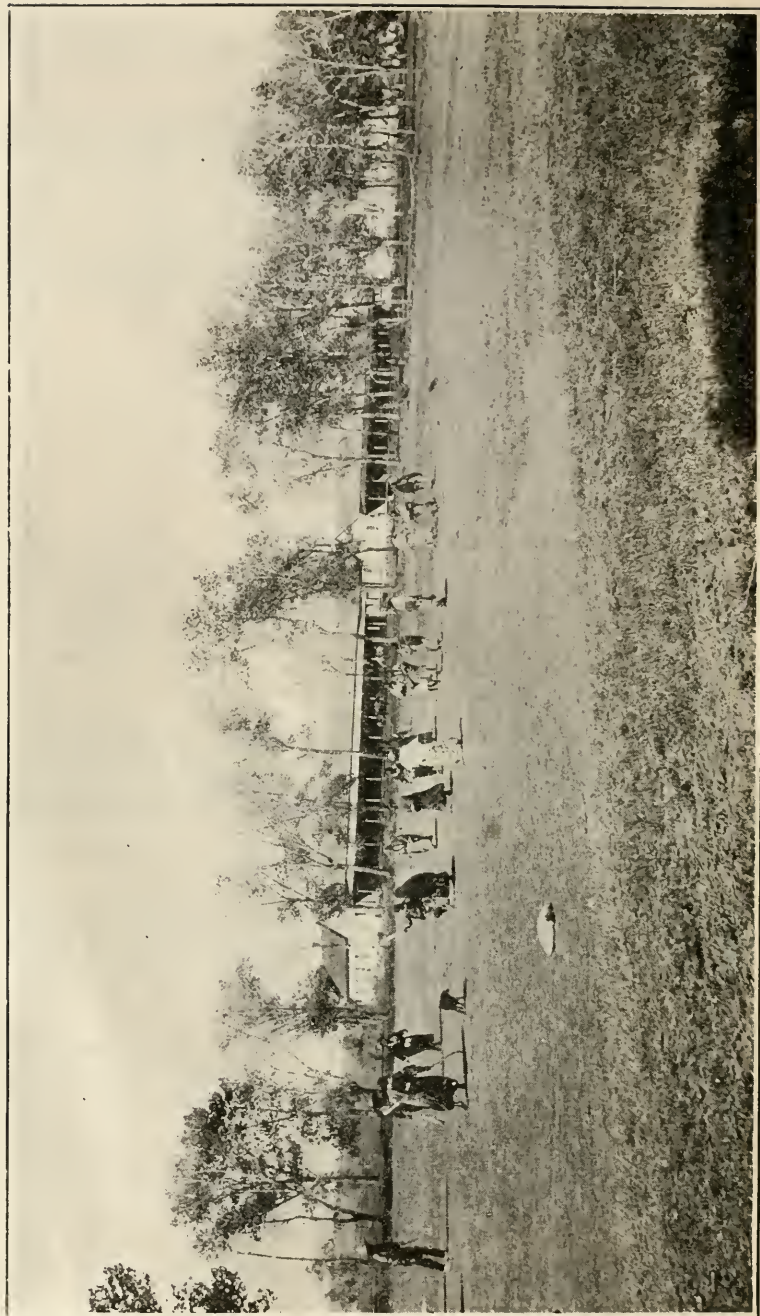
They passed a field of sugar beets,
And paused to see the thrifty rows
In long green lines across the field
Through which the irrigation flows.
The pessimist again complains,—
"What need of this? It often rains!"
And the optimist kept on smiling.

Then an alfalfa field they saw,
All growing purple-flowered and fine,
And in it fed a hundred head
Of thrifty-growing Berkshire swine,
The pessimist exclaimed, "O dear,
What durned poor farmin' have we here!"
And the optimist kept on smiling.

Near by some poultry-keeper's homes
A thousand fowls were in the fields.
"Look there;" the pessimist remarks,
"A place like this no profit yields:
In poultry raisin' I've a mind
That payin' fowls must be confined!"
And the optimist kept on smiling.

Just in the outskirts of the town
A dozen goats fed by the way;
And one—he was a pessimist
With twisted horns and whiskers gray—
And his one joy had ever been
Expressed by always butting in.
And here two pessimists got mixed
Because they had opinions fixed—
And the optimist kept on smiling.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.



"Shinny," the favorite sport of Uintah Indian Women, a game held at Ft. Duchesne, Utah, during the recent Industrial Convention, which attracted a great deal of attention, and for an hour furnished a crowd of more than 2,000 whites with rare entertainment. Without removing even their shawls they entered into the spirit of the game with a vim suggesting that they not only know the game, but get a real "kick" out of playing it. (See item in Mutual Work.)

IMPROVEMENT ERA

VOL. XXVII

OCTOBER, 1924

No. 12

A HYMN WITH A HISTORY

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

President Charles W. Penrose, speaking in the Eighteenth ward chapel on a Sunday afternoon not long since, gave the history of some of the hymns composed by him and frequently sung in the meetings of the Latter-day Saints. One of these hymns had been rendered by the choir and congregation just before President Penrose began to speak. He said in relation to this sacred song:

" 'School Thy Feelings,' which we have just sung, was written under peculiar circumstances, just before I left England, after having traveled over ten years in the ministry. A sort of quiet slander had been circulated concerning me in Birmingham, by an Elder from Zion, and it cut me to the quick. There was not a word of truth in the story. An accusation was made, but there was no bottom to it, and it ruffled me. I did not care how much I might be scandalized by enemies of the Church; I had become accustomed to that. I used to say that my hide had got as tough as a hippopotamus; I did not care what an enemy said about me. But when an Elder in the Church did that, it cut me to the heart, and I felt like retaliating. But I sat down and wrote that little poem, 'School thy feelings, O my brother, Train thy warm, impulsive soul,' and so on. And that was for me. I did not intend it for anybody else, but it was giving a little counsel to myself."

The poem referred to is one that we all admire. I am particularly fond of the following stanzas:

School thy feelings, there is power
In the cool, collected mind;
Passion shatters reason's tower,
Makes the clearest vision blind.

*Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section
1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918, \$2 per annum.
Address Room 406 Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

School thy feelings; condemnation
 Never pass on friend or foe,
 Though the tide of accusation
 Like a flood of truth may flow.

Hear defense before deciding,
 And a ray of light may gleam,
 Showing thee what filth is hiding
 Underneath the shallow stream.

Should affliction's acrid vial
 Burst o'er thy unsheltered head,
 School thy feelings to the trial,
 Half its bitterness hath fled.

Art thou falsely, basely slandered?
 Does the world begin to frown?
 Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's standard,
 Keep thy rising anger down.

Rest thyself on this assurance:
 Time's a friend to innocence,
 And that patient, calm endurance
 Wins respect and aids defense.

Here was one who knew himself to be "falsely, basely slandered," pleading, not with his accuser, but with himself, against the passing of condemnation "on friend or foe." Rather an unusual circumstance was it not? And yet, quite in keeping with the divine admonitions: "Judge not, that ye be not judged," "Vengeance is Mine—I will repay."

Except for the infamy of his act, I could almost thank "the accuser of the brethren" for that "quiet slander," which wounded the poet's sensitive soul and gave us as the indirect and unintended result this beautiful hymn, which has cheered and comforted for over sixty years the hearts of tens of thousands. Moreover, I will venture to assert that the would-be destroyer of his brother's fair fame did not profit by what he had done, while the one whom he wronged was benefited by the painful experience. Thenceforth he could sympathize, as never before, with those similarly placed.

What said the Lord to the Prophet Joseph upon this point? "If thou art called to pass through tribulation; if thou art in perils among false brethren; * * * if thou art accused with all manner of false accusations; if thine enemies fall upon thee; * * * if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up the way; and above all, if the very jaws of hell shall gape open the mouth wide after thee, know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good."

"Hear defense before deciding." A simple and a just requirement—so simple that one is almost tempted to regard it as superfluous, the opposite course being so manifestly unjust, so absolutely

unfair. And yet it is the course that most people are prone to pursue. Rumor or a one-sided statement is quite sufficient for them. They hear a scandalous story, accept it as true, and forthwith spread it broadcast, without making the least effort to ascertain whether it is built on fact or fiction. And this they do, not so much from malice, perhaps, as from an overweening desire to impart information—the gossip's ruling passion. In their eagerness to proclaim the "glad tidings," they forget what the fair-minded always remember, that there are two sides to every question, and that there could be no such thing as impartial justice if but one side of a case had "its day in court." It is related of an Irish magistrate (I don't know why they always put such things on the Irish) that, having listened to the plea of the prosecution, he was about to pronounce judgment, when the attorney for the defense asked to be heard. "No," said his Honor, "me moind is clear now; if you shpake I'll be confused." A pity to confuse such a mind!

Perhaps Brother Penrose was given a chance to state his case before the "quiet slander was circulated." But I very much doubt it. He should have been the first to hear what was said against him, but in all probability he was the last. Men and women are often accused, condemned and punished—for slander is punishment—without even knowing what they are charged with. That is the way with those who speed "the shaft that flies in darkness."

How different from the Lord's way, and how grossly violative of his precepts and the regulations of his Church. The law of the Lord requires that if a brother or sister offend, the one offended shall go to the offender alone, before confiding in others (Doc. and Cov. 42:88); the purpose being to induce confession, if there be anything to confess; bring about reconciliation, if possible, and prevent the spread of scandal, so often baseless, always exaggerated, and generally re-active against the church or community of which the accused is a member.

But that is too tame a process for the purveyor of this sort of "information." He or she takes the public into confidence first, gets what gratification or glory can be had out of the situation, and the accused may have what's left—"a lemon" that has been well squeezed.

Not without good reason was it made the duty of the Teacher to "watch over the church always," and "see that there is neither lying nor back-biting nor evil speaking" among its members, (Doc. and Cov. 20:54). "These six things doth the Lord hate: Yea, seven are an abomination unto him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren." (Prov. 6:16-19). If the thoughtless trifler with a brother's or a sister's reputation, or even the out-and-out intentional defamer, could but realize that the assassin of character is little better in the eyes of God

and good men, than the one who unlawfully takes human life, something that he cannot restore, it might induce him to prudently pause before making himself one of the "things" which "the Lord doth hate."

But no lie can live forever. "Time is a friend to innocence." Falsehood may travel many leagues while Truth is "getting its boots on;" but sooner or later it will be overtaken and pilloried as it deserves. Eternal justice will attend to that. It balances all accounts, and no man or woman need become the avenger of his or her own private wrong.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." This saying of an ancient apostle has proved wonderfully true in the case of a modern apostle—our dear Brother Penrose. Shot at from the rear while facing the foe and fighting the good fight—"cut to the quick," but not really injured, he could afford to be patient and calmly endure, for he was innocent, and time was his friend, as the sequel showed. Slander might wound him, might "ruffle" his feelings, but it could not stop his growth nor stay his progress. He went on loving and serving God, and rose step by step to positions of honor and influence, until, in the evening of a long and useful life, we find him standing on the very summit of success, one of the First Presidency of the Church.

And where are they who tried to pull him down? We don't even know their names.

Compensation

At evening when I hear a lark's faint, fluted note—
A tender calling from a migrant throat;
There falls a love song, sadly, wistfully,
The sum of partings in epitome.

And when I scent the drooping petals of a rose,
Out of the vanished years there poignant glows
The lingering sweetness of a world abloom,
And lovers dreaming in the twilight gloom.

And always, in December's measured chant of pain,
The rustle of the corn I hear again;
Still in the Storm King's mocking battle tune
There echoes clear the lyric voice of June.

And ever to the scars of Time there somewhere clings
A subtle balm that heals the bitterest stings;
Still on the call sheet of the angel—Death!
There stands the promise of returning breath.

Lethbridge, Canada.

FRANK C. STEELE.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The Need of the World Today

BY JOHN J. TIGERT, U. S. COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

[The following address was delivered before the Religious Education Association, Chicago, March 29, 1922. In view of the deep interest that the Latter-day Saints have in the imperative need of religious education for the proper development of mankind, we present the lecture in full. It is in line with the endeavors of our Church, and the best thoughts of the day. Religion Class work under the name of Week-day Schools of Religion is being organized everywhere. At Cary, Indiana, church-owned houses surrounding the public school houses are used by the various denominations for religious educational purposes; at Cleveland, Ohio, and in many other cities, a regular period once a week or oftener is allowed the children for instruction in religious education under the leadership of the respective denominations. In one city a whole day each week is proposed for this type of education. All our readers will be pleased that our U. S. Commissioner of Education is convinced of the imperative need of religious education for the proper development of mankind. Some time ago he remarked, in discussing criticisms that have been directed against him because of his activity in behalf of religious education, "Rather than to urge upon the people an education consisting only of the training of the body and the intellect, I would resign my position."

Our seminary work in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is in line with these thoughts, and it is being duplicated in many places, and is rapidly growing, though our Church is far in advance in this regard, of the country generally. At the University of Michigan several fine student houses maintained by various religious denominations surround the campus, and in these houses regular instruction in religion is given. It would be well if the churches had such houses surrounding the University of Utah. One great purpose of the Church School System is to use and to perfect the splendid educational structure which has been reared by the Church, so that the purposes of our system may be fully accomplished.—*Editors.*]

Professor W. R. Webb, familiarly known as "Old Sawney," founder and principal of the famous Webb School of Bell Buckle, Tenn., who has had for a half century an influence upon education in the South unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries, used to say frequently, "A boy is a bundle of possibilities." This favorite phrase of "Old Sawney's" might well serve as a fairly literal, though homely, translation of the etymology of the word "education," being, as it is, an abstract term derived from the Latin "*e*—out" and "*duco*—to lead." Education, in the proper sense of the term must include the highest possible realization, the most complete harmonious, and symmetrical perfection of all the potential powers inherent and innate in man's nature. Education is the process of cultivating to the fullest flower all the seeds that lie implanted in this wondrous composite of mind, soul and body.

The tendency has been strong among professional educators to emphasize the development of mental powers, as the proper function of the educative process, frequently to the exclusion of other capacities of the soul and body. It must be granted that the emancipation of the mind should be the chief function of the institution of learning, that the growth of spiritual power should be the major concern of the church, but likewise it must be agreed that the making of strong bodies is at least a secondary function of the school in view of the oft quoted dictum of Juvenal, "*Sana mens in corpore sano.*" But while the realization of mental possibilities is the prime objective of the school, it is unfortunate that certain prejudices have tended to exclude proper regard for the attention to the soul and body. Perhaps the neglect of the former has not been due so much to prejudice as to a feeling that this is a function of the church, and the desire to render to God the things that are God's, retaining for Cæsar only the things that are Cæsar's.

This is certainly true, I think, in the case of the public schools and all those institutions supported by public taxation, because it is evidently the fear of many that the effort to teach religion in publicly supported schools and colleges may lead to an indirect violation of the cherished American doctrine of religious liberty and separation of Church and State. Be that as it may, I think that we can agree upon a distinction of function in the Church and State and admit the wisdom of the founders of the Republic in recognizing this distinction; in fact, this is one of the most salient contributions that American statesmen have been able to make to political progress in the world. The late Bishop E. E. Hoss set out the difference in the function of Church and State in these words:

"Secularity is the badge of the State. The sphere in which it moves and acts is the sphere of visible and tangible things. It has no eye for the eternal realities. Its symbol is the sword, for it may use force. The Church, on the other hand, is the vehicle of religious truth. She has a message to deliver that the State has no voice to convey. Her symbol is the shepherd's crook, and she dares use no instrumentality except persuasion."

Though there may be some justification for the neglect of the soul in public institutions of learning, yet no adequate excuse can be assigned for a certain prejudice that has existed with reference to physical education. Fortunately, this prejudice seems to be disappearing. Much improvement has come in our schools in health and physical education during the past few years due largely to the revelation that approximately one-third of American young men proved, under examination, to be physically unfit to bear arms in defense of their country. It is strange that we should have so long neglected the proper concern for the care of the body upon which the welfare of the mind is organically conditioned and with which the culture

of the soul is intimately connected if we accept the oft-quoted and much approved doctrine of John Wesley, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

Aside from the question of the peculiar functions of the school, the Church, and the State, these organizations are all joint agencies in the promotion of the greatest possibilities in our youth for individual and social welfare. In its widest connotation, education is the result of all the forces which affect the life of man. Taken in this sense, religion is the most universal element in education as well as a very powerful stimulus to human action.

We hold, first, that the religious element is universal. By religion we mean the consciousness of some kind of communion between man and a supernatural Being, a Deity, or God. We have had many arguments set up to establish the existence of such a Being, ontological arguments, anthropological arguments, arguments for a first cause, arguments from design and others. Whether any or all of these arguments which have been advanced in proof of the existence of a supernatural Being could convey to those altogether destitute of the idea of the Deity, first, the notion of God, as a person, self-existent, eternal, immutable, of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, the creator and upholder of all things, and, secondly satisfactory proofs of his existence, is a question which it is impossible to settle and which we would not find profitable to discuss here. We shall not raise the question of the possibility of philosophical or logical demonstration of the existence of God. We shall assume for our purposes, the famous dictum of Professor Calderwood, of Edinburgh, "The reality of the Divine existence is a truth so plain that it needs no proofs, as it is a truth so high that it admits of none." It is worthy of note, however, and sufficient importance has never been attached to the fact that the conception of a supernatural Being has apparently always existed in the mind of man, wherever and whenever we have had knowledge of him. This is evidenced not only by the ancient writings of the Jews but by the earliest historical remains and the extant beliefs and customs of all peoples, Asiatic, African, American, European and Polynesian. We cannot show that the idea of God has always existed in the mind of man from man's inception, but we can show that all men known to history have possessed the idea of God. Once projected within the sphere of human knowledge, from whatever source, and in whatever manner, this notion of God, however abused, has never been permitted to perish. This does not, of course, necessarily mean God with all the personal attributes ascribed to him by Christians, but it does mean the belief in supernatural power of some kind, whether in the fetishism of the savages of all parts of the world which attributes extraordinary powers to sticks, stones, herbs, images, the sun, the moon, and other inanimate objects, or in the polytheism of the Greeks, Romans, and

others who personified and endowed with magic qualities the forces of nature, or in those like the Chinese, who have worshipped the spirits of departed ancestors.

It is not only true that the notion of God exists and has existed in all species of mankind known to us, but it is likewise true that the notion has everywhere been a powerful force if not actually the most powerful force operating in the lives of men. In every form of communion with the supernatural, the notion of the Deity has been sufficiently powerful in its influence upon man to move him to make the supreme sacrifices of his own life or the lives of those dearest to him. We witness this in the most primitive form of religion, in fetishism, where parents appeased the spirit of Moloch with the burning of their own offspring, or where the Indian mother adores the alligator by throwing her babe into the sacred waters of the Ganges. We witness it in the polytheism of the Hellenic peoples, as in the cult of Artemis, Iphigenia is sacrificed by her father Agamemnon to appease the goddess so his fleet may sail for Troy. We witness it in monotheism in the blood of countless Christian martyrs and in the sacrificial death of Jesus Christ upon the cross for the conciliation of God and the redemption of mankind. There certainly has been no more impelling motive in the life of man than his belief in the Deity.

Again, we think that sufficient significance has not been attached to the fact that among the great thinkers who have interpreted reality and who have explained the origin and the meaning of the cosmos, almost without exception these philosophers have required the notion of the Deity to make the universe possible, intelligible, or thinkable. Those few who have not required the Deity for an explanation of the universe do not loom up among the great figures in the history of philosophy. We have atheists among the Greek philosophers in Democritus and Leucippus, but they sink in insignificance as compared to such theists as Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and others. We do not recall an outstanding atheist to match against the cloud of theologians and schoolmen of the middle ages. Among the moderns, Diderot and the so-called French encyclopedists, a few Germans, including Haeckel, a small number of Englishmen and others who compose the atheistic schools of thought hardly are recognized within the pale of philosophy in a large sense. As over against these stand Descartes, Leibnitz, Spinoza, Locke, Berkeley, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Lotze; in America, James, Bowen, Ladd; and a whole host of others who include within their number the great names of modern philosophy, who have grappled seriously with the explanation of this world and who have traveled many paths but have all reached the same destination—God.

If education consists in the evolution of the man's inherent capacities or untying "the bundle of possibilities," to return to Mr.

Webb's figure; if religion be a universal phenomenon among men, and if great thinkers find God indispensable to the explanation of reality, then education which lacks the religious element is certainly seriously defective.

The great world catastrophe through which we have passed has started many anxious inquiries and has awakened deep misgivings on the part of some. Speculation is openly engaged in as to whether civilization can be salvaged, whether war will destroy civilization or civilization will destroy war. There is much pessimism abroad in the world and we are passing through critical times.

Crimes of all kinds, divorce, and immorality have greatly increased among us. There has been a disregard of the rights of others, a social discontent an industrial unrest, a menace of radicalism, an unbridling of vice, and a growing disrespect for the law that have never before characterized our country to the present degree and which arouses the concern of every true American.

If these observations be correct, and I think that few will demur, which way shall we move to correction? Where shall we find the remedy for these conditions and how shall we proceed to apply it?

Enlightenment and better understanding will undoubtedly help the situation but these cannot save us. If the war teaches us any one lesson more clearly than another it is the insufficiency of culture, knowledge and science per ipsos to promote the welfare of mankind. Germany claimed a "Kultur" superior to any that the world had known at the outbreak of the war. She was not excelled by any other people in the great fields of science, of philosophy, of music and of commerce. A degree from a German university was highly coveted above a degree from one of our own institutions. Illiteracy was at an irreducible minimum among the German people. They enjoyed a high degree of general enlightenment and a fairly homogeneous population.

And what was the result of it all?

Germany's strength in philosophy, in science, in industry and in other respects contributed to the ruin of a great people and involved the world in the most titanic tragedy of the ages. A weaker nation would hardly have risked the wrath of the world even though it had been moved to fly at its throat. But Germany's consciousness in her power gave her the confidence to attempt the impossible.

German political philosophy convinced her that democracy was the symbol of weakness, chaos, and incompetency in government; that the German people were chosen by God to exterminate weaker peoples so that a race of supermen might be evolved. German science applied to the arts of war convinced her that she could defy the world, applied to undersea-craft it could sink unsinkable ships like the *Lusitania*; applied to aircraft, it could terrorize London and Paris and spread disease and destruction among her enemies; applied to noxious

gases, it could blind and wipe out armies in the twinkling of an eye; applied to cannon, it could crush the impregnable forts of Liege like egg shells and hurl projectiles a distance of seventy-five miles into Paris. German commerce and industry convinced her that it must expand through middle Europe into Asia and Africa and dominate the world. German music convinced her that hymns of hate were of more force than hymns of love. Germany's faith in her "divine mission" and the consciousness of the necessity of fulfilling it convinced her that treaties were "mere scraps of paper to conceal political purposes." Harnack, whose theology and views with reference to the Bible probably carried more weight in America before the war than any other scholar, became one of nearly a hundred leading savants of Germany who convinced themselves that the violation of Belgium was just and good. It is hardly necessary to recite further the history of Germany's folly, but the world has never before had such an exhibition of the inadequacy of mere philosophy, science, industry and things secular. Plainly, these things can be both evil and good, hurtful and helpful, undesirable and desirable, the hope and the menace of civilization.

The value of man's progress in knowledge turns upon the will or judgment of those who may possess it. In the hands of the physician even poison has its benefit; in the hands of the pioneer, knives, axes and guns are of immeasurable value, but who would claim that these articles were good for babes or thieves?

Education which devotes itself entirely to the discovery of knowledge without regard for the will or intention of man is likely to prove the undoing of society. Certainly, it is not worthy to be called education.

Surely, after the demonstration of the ruin that lurks in the wake of mere emancipation of the mind, we must see that there is a great truth in the words of Tolstoi:

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one
But the light of the whole world dies
When day is done.
The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one
But the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.

How shall we direct the will and train the heart as we enlighten the intellect? Naught but religious feeling, the inspiration of the soul, and faith in God can accomplish this. Even ethical teaching and morality, though helpful, will not suffice. Moral philosophy may be similar to other knowledge, the product of man's mind but not a force which controls his acts. There are abundant examples of the failure of ethical teaching to effect life. France has given non-

religious training a more thorough trial perhaps than any other nation. And yet, says an eminent authority:

"In fifty years criminality has increased three-fold, though there was scarcely any increase in population." This statement was made before the war and does not comprehend the violent increase of crime since the war. One French professor complained, "My prize pupil in morals is the biggest knave of the lot."

Let no one suppose that I am opposed to the teaching of morals in the schools. On the other hand, I strongly advocate it. Recently, I emphasized the need of teaching virtue, honesty, and integrity throughout our schools. I believe in beginning early the relation of stories of moral import, the recounting of golden deeds of kindness, and the teaching of virtue in every possible way to our children.

But this moral instruction requires the reinforcement of religious teaching and feeling. The Church becomes the supplement of the School for this purpose. In private, parochial, and church schools religious instruction can be given with secular teaching but cannot be given in publicly supported institutions. The public schools of Gary, Indiana, Toledo, Ohio and a few other cities are working out a system in which the school becomes a community center surrounded by churches of all denominations to which the children go regularly from the public schools for religious instruction. Some state universities are working out a system which is similar in principle. We have numberless instances of the powerlessness of knowledge to make men good. The age of the Italian renaissance, a new revival of learning, was likewise an era of immorality and loose living. Pope described Bacon as at once "the wisest, the brightest and the meanest of mankind." Solomon, the wisest of all the kings, was by no means the most virtuous. Rousseau, a great name in the history of education and philosophy, gives us his ideal training for Emile and dwells especially upon the value of his moral code, meantime neglecting shamefully the rearing of his own child, and engaging in dissolute living. His confessions are amazingly frank but even they do not uncover the vileness of his life.

Morality is indeed the worthy helpmate of religion but history and experience reveals over and over again that it cannot be substituted for it. Ethical societies have failed to supplant the Church.

I am well aware that the position that I am taking is not popular today among educators, but I reiterate the words of a chancellor of one of our colleges uttered in his inaugural address more than a decade ago:

"Powerful as is the force of opinion today in the direction of secularized education, mighty as are the millions devoted to that purpose, earnest and numerous as are the advocates of education without religion * * * yet I am undismayed. For there is a power greater than the opinion of men:

there are resources vaster than the millions of earth. Let us not 'trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God.' "

I am aware that many will consider that I am very old-fashioned, naive, and out of date, to be a commissioner of education. I am aware that some will say that it is a poor philosopher who cannot discover salvation by logic and reasoning. My reply is that of the "Fable of the Chicks," if I may be pardoned for recalling the name of my departed father. He related the experiences of two chicks that happened to be companions in the same setting. The hen had been sitting for nearly three weeks on the eggs, and the time for them to hatch was almost at hand. One chick was stirred by instinct of a world of greater freedom beyond the white walls that enclosed him. He soliloquized, "I feel that outside there is another world in which I shall find air, sunshine, and food. I feel that these wings and legs will come into play and I shall be happier there. And yet I do not know that this is true. Further, I cannot act upon any assumption that cannot be known and logically demonstrable. I shall not be swayed by foolish sentiment. I shall not break this shell."

Just beside the egg that contained this agnostic chick, another chick was soliloquizing, "I, too, feel that outside is a world of greater freedom, where I can run and fly and where I shall enjoy the air, the sun, food and water. I do not know that such a world exists, but I have faith that there is and I cannot resist the feeling that impels me to pip this shell. I shall pip my shell today."

A few days later, the busy housewife discovered the hen with the brood of chicks but in the nest lay one egg. It was cold. She broke it with her thimble. There was a cold and lifeless form. It was our agnostic philosopher who could not act upon faith; but acted only upon the dictates of his reason.

Mount Majestic

Oh, Mount Majestic, towering high!
Peaks hidden in the sky!
You've seen men come and go;
Your age doth no one know.

Oh, that I could be so strong;
That I could live half so long.
To see races as they pass;
To see the poor, huddled mass.
And reach my head above the throng
Where there is always happiness and song.

Oh, Mount Majestic, king of all,
I'm coming; I cannot resist your call!

Sandy, Utah.

JACK EGBERT.

RUSSIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA'S WHEAT CROP

BY P. V. CARDON, EDITOR OF "THE UTAH FARMER"

Fully one-half of the wheat grown in the United States originated in Russia. A bag of wheat from the Volga river valley, furnished seed for the first planting of hard-red spring wheat on the American continent and made possible the production of this cereal in regions that had long been considered too far north. From the territory north and east of the Black Sea came the progenitors of our hard-red winter wheats which proved to be able to thrive in spite of the rigorous climate of our Great Plains and made possible a rapid westward drift of our wheat belt. Then a third, the durum or "macaroni" group of wheats emerged from that Slavonic nation, this time from the Kirghiz Steppe region of western Siberia, and upon finding a new home in the United States added millions of bushels to our wheat supply.

The story of the introduction and establishment of these wheats comprises an interesting chapter of the agricultural history of our nation. It is doubly interesting at this time, because the United States, owing to Russia's agricultural breakdown, is expected by other nations to supply an unusually large proportion of the world's wheat crop. This story also develops an appreciation of the fact that, while Russia may be a novice in the art of democratic government, she is a past master of scientific crop husbandry. For most of our hard wheats, although highly developed by plant-breeders of the United States, may be traced back to hardy types long ago, improved by Russia's peasantry.

The history of Russian wheat in North America begins about 1842. In that year, David Fife of Ontario, Canada, received a small lot through a friend in Glasgow, Scotland, who obtained it from a cargo shipped from Danzig from the northern Volga River Valley. Mr. Fife, not knowing whether the wheat was of the spring or winter type, planted some, as an experiment, in the spring. Only three heads matured, and these apparently came from a single grain—the only spring-wheat kernel in the lot that was planted, all the others proving to be of the winter type. From those three heads was developed the well known Fife group of hard-spring wheats. The different strains of Fife spring wheats appearing under a variety of local names, now comprise the bulk of our standard grades and are among the highest priced wheats on the market. But the Scotch name is misleading, as this wheat is distinctly Russian.

Just how and when this hard-spring wheat found its way into the United States from Ontario is not clear; nor does it matter. The point of special interest is that it proved to be surprisingly well adapted to the conditions of soil and climate in Minnesota and later in North and South Dakota. Today it is grown also in limited areas of Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and Montana. Within the region thus defined is produced most of our spring wheat, which amounts to about one-third of our total wheat crop.

Although this Scotch-bred Russian wheat is especially well adapted to the soil and climate of our northern plains states, commercially it was very unpopular when first introduced into the United States. At that time millers were not equipped to handle it, as it was so much harder than our common wheat, and what flour was made from it was of such a creamy cast that it was looked upon as unfit for bread making. Wheat buyers discriminated against the hard wheat, paying the growers 15 to 25 cents a bushel less than for soft wheat, and bakers refused to accept the flour

except at a discount. So while the variety was at hand with which to extend the northwestern limits of the wheat belt, it was not until after 1870 that the center of production really began to shift.

The year 1870 is as epochal in our wheat history as 1793 in the history of cotton in this country. For to the same degree that the invention of the cotton gin marked the advent of a rapid and broad expansion of cotton growing, the adoption by this country of a French machine known as a wheat flour purifier was influential in the extension of hard wheat growing. This machine was first constructed in Minneapolis by a Frenchman named La Croix.

By means of the purifier, the miller is said to have been enabled to produce from "the strongly colored but nutritious middlings of hard wheat a flour suited in texture and color to the popular demand."

But just as the cotton gin was insufficient to allow a maximum development of our cotton industry without the Arkwright patents, the spinning jenny, the roving mule and other devices necessary in the manufacture of cotton, so was the wheat-flour purifier insufficient to permit of maximum extension of hard-wheat growing without a better means of crushing the wheat. This means was provided eight years later (1878) by Governor C. C. Washburn who installed the first complete roller mill in the United States. Instead of pulverizing the kernels, as with the old style stone burs,



"Turkey" wheat, of which this is a typical head, was introduced into the United States by Russian immigrants about 1870, but it was only within the last decade that this type of wheat was adopted by the farmers of Utah. It is now grown almost exclusively on our dry farms and is the principal winter wheat planted on our irrigated farms. The millers of this state are partial to "Turkey" as a hard-red winter wheat.

the rolls crushed and flaked them, thus making practicable a more perfect separation of the particles in the latter milling processes.

It must not be inferred that the working out of these improvements in flour milling resulted from any keen desire on the part of millers to promote a greater production of hard-spring wheat. Nor did the later general adoption of the purifier and roll signify that millers were converted to the idea that hard wheats were to become of real commercial importance, as much as it indicated a general desire on the part of millers to improve their mill products, chiefly manufactured from soft wheats.

It has been shown that the Russian wheat was unpopular up to the time that La Croix and Washburn introduced the innovations upon which our systems of "high grinding" are based, and it probably would have remained unpopular for years to come had the matter of extending it been left largely to the millers and bakers. The purifier and roll simply cleared a path for what was to follow.

The extension of hard-spring wheat growing in Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota and parts of adjacent states was inevitable, because upon this type of wheat largely depended the agricultural development of that region. The pioneers were moving west, farther and farther into the plains. They had found that our soft wheats could not produce profitably in that climate, while the Russian hard-spring wheat could. The latter

had been bred, generation after generation, under similar conditions in the far away Volga Valley. In fact it was admirably adapted to the needs of the pioneers of our northern plains, so it was simply up to the millers to prepare to handle the crops that were bound to be produced in that section. Fortunately, the improved milling processes made this possible. The natural result of this phenomenal increase in the amount of production of spring-wheat which followed the migration of farmers into the northwest, and the resultant increase in the amount of grain handled and milled in that region, was a shifting of wheat and flour markets—from eastern to western cities.

Meantime, an equally important event had transpired in the Central Great Plains states. In the year 1873 some immigrants from southern Russia who had previously settled temporarily in Illinois and Iowa moved on to the plains of Kansas, so much like their home country, and brought with them another kind of hard wheat, this time one of the winter type. By the time the great westward extension of the hard-spring wheat area began, this kind of hard-winter wheat had become well enough established in Kansas and adjoining states to prove the value of the central plains as a hard wheat region. Thus, almost simultaneously the virgin land of the north and that of the central plains was broken to receive the seed of these Russian plant immigrants, the hard-spring wheat in the north, where the winters are severe, and hard-winter wheat in the middle plains where, sown in the fall, the crop could live to emerge in the early spring and hasten to maturity.

The production of hard-winter wheat in this country is reported to have been a success from the first planting. Doubtless this can be explained by the unusual, but altogether desirable method of introducing the crop. The people who had grown the wheat in Russia for years came with it and planted and cultivated it as they had been used to doing in Taurida, Crimea, and Ekaterinoslav; and owing to the fact that soil and climatic conditions in these parts of Russia approximate those obtaining in the central Great Plains, it was but a natural consequence that splendid crops should be harvested.

But though early recognized as agriculturally desirable, it was a long time before the commercial qualities of this wheat were generally appreciated. For some strange reason it was called "Turkey" wheat, a name still applied to this strain, though it is known to be of Russian origin. The name, however, probably had little to do with its failure to be readily received on the market and hence its failure to extend rapidly in cultivation. It seems that Kansas millers simply did not want to handle hard wheats and Minneapolis millers for unexplained reasons rejected the winter type, despite the fact that their experience with hard-spring wheat had been encouraging. "Turkey" wheat had been grown in this country nearly a quarter of a century before its true value was appreciated.

The need of such a wheat was soon made plain to those hardy, fearless farmers who, in the 90's, pushed on to the western Plains to occupy the lands thrown open to entry by the Government. The farther west these plainmen went the more severe grew the conditions. The winters were more open, often with little snow to blanket the ground and thus afford protection to the fall sown grain, and spring and summer conditions were such as to reduce the yields of spring wheat. What was needed was a wheat hardy enough to withstand the cold winters and drought-resistant enough to mature in spite of a frequent shortage of rainfall. Then, too, there was the danger of hot winds to be taken into account.

"Turkey" wheat met this urgent need to a greater degree than the softer common varieties because it originated in and was bred through generations under similar conditions. Very naturally, therefore, seed of it was in demand and the limited supply was far from adequate. Fresh sup-

plies were imported from Russia, but this new seed is said to have yielded less abundantly than the local supplies of acclimatized seed. But the planting of "Turkey" wheat continued until, through sheer force of bushels on bushels, millers and bakers alike began to foresee and prepare for what surely must come.

But as good as it had proved itself to be, "Turkey" wheat was not yet what a wheat should be to overcome the great handicap of the middle plains. This Russian variety was superior to our so-called American wheats when it came to fighting against cold and drought, but even then there were times when a crop failure or near failure was experienced. Owing to the increased consumption of this hard winter wheat, both in this country and abroad, a crop failure on the Plains seriously disturbed economic conditions the world over. Moreover, in such a year, the sad plight of the



Types of hard wheat of Russian origin; number 1 and 3 are typical of the hard-red winter varieties, as "Turkey" and Kharkof. Numbers 2 and 4 are representative of the common, beardless type of Russian hard-red spring wheat. Number 5 is of the Durum, or "Macaroni" type.

The hard-red winter type of wheat, represented chiefly by the "Turkey" variety, has of late years become the most widely grown dry farm wheat in the intermountain territory—in fact, it is practically the only winter wheat grown here. It is planted extensively also on the irrigated farms of Utah, where it was virtually unknown 15 years ago.

The hard-red spring type of wheat is grown to some extent on the irrigated farms of this and adjoining states, but it is not so common as the softer white wheats. Although some durum wheat has been planted in Utah, on dry as well as irrigated land, this type of wheat never has become established in this state.

Plains' farmers was enough in itself to show the need of serious attention being paid the matter of finding a more dependable wheat and better methods of growing it.

The states comprising what was by this time called the "Wheat Belt," and the federal government as well, were not slow to seek a solution of the problem. Agricultural organizations in the Plains States had foreseen some of these difficulties and scientific investigators from the State Experiment Stations and the U. S. Department of Agriculture were striving to obtain helpful information. Though some good had been accomplished progress necessarily was slow, and it was soon apparent that something more should be done.

Men of broad vision advised scouring the world for a suitable wheat and took steps to provide means for adequately studying under local conditions every imported variety that appeared promising. Funds were appropriated and agricultural explorers detailed to this notable undertaking which led ultimately to the introduction of many valuable crops and the establishment of a splendid series of field stations which has rendered invaluable service in recent years by way of studying the cultural problems of farming in the Great Plains.

Knowing what the Russian hard wheats already had done in the United States, the logical thing to do was to send an expert over there with a view of finding something better than anything that had yet come to us by chance. Accordingly, the best man available, M. A. Carleton, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture himself a Kansan and familiar with the soil and climate of the Plains, was detailed to this important work. The choice of such a man was indeed fortunate. Only a man possessed of Mr. Carleton's thorough training, calm judgment and dogged perseverance could have secured the striking results now properly accredited to him by all who know of the problems encountered.

This is not the place to follow him in his travels or even report in detail his findings. It is enough to say that he was gone from this country nearly a year on the first trip, from July, 1898 to February, 1899, and made a second expedition in 1900. In that time he found wheat of many strains, and oats and other cereals, such as emmer and speltz. Each were studied there on the ground; the conditions under which they were growing were described, and samples of each crop were sent back home with instructions for testing under our own conditions.

Of all of these imported Russian cereals, two are of special interest in connection with the present subject. One of these is the Kharkof, hard-red winter wheat, and the other Kubanka a variety of durum or "macaroni" wheat, until then scarcely known in America. With Kharkof we can deal briefly, but the story of Kubanka cannot be so readily passed over.

The Kharkof variety was obtained in 1900, in Starobelsk district of eastern Kharkof, which is further north and subject to greater drought and colder winds than Taurida, the district whence "Turkey" wheat came. It was to be expected, therefore, that Kharkof wheat would suit the needs of our Plains farmers better than "Turkey."

In outward appearances Kharkof is identified with "Turkey." Both are bearded, resembling barley in some ways, and their chaff and straw are almost white. The kernels of each are hard and red, those of the Kharkof possibly a shade darker than the others. But in the very important matter of yield, Kharkof, after years of careful comparison appears to be superior to "Turkey." In some parts of the Great Plains, Kharkof is now grown almost exclusively, and half the wheat of Kansas is said to be of this variety, or of improved strains of this variety. Hence, to a very great extent, Kharkof has contributed toward making wheat growing safe in the Plains. Unfortunately, however, even Kharkof the best found in Russia, seems to be unable to yield profitably under extreme conditions. But to do that is almost too much to expect of any crop. The point to keep in mind is that strains of the closely related "Turkey" and Kharkof types come much nearer meeting the requirements than soft wheats and in the Central Great Plains today they are grown almost to the exclusion of the latter.

With Fife and other strains of hard-spring wheat well established in the north and "Turkey" and Kharkof in the central Great Plains, even as far south as Oklahoma, it would seem that the needs of this region were well provided for, so far as wheat varieties were concerned, but Mr. Carleton believed that durum wheats could be grown to advantage in this country and he doggedly set about establishing them.

Fife and "Turkey" had a hard enough time winning a place on the

market, but their struggle was as naught compared with what Kubanka and other durum wheats encountered. Both the type of wheat and its sponsor were made the objects of ridicule. In the opinions of buyers, millers, and bakers alike, there was not and never would be a place in America for durum wheat, and that opinion was expressed in no uncertain terms.

But those who held that opinion have lived to see durum wheat established in cultivation, chiefly in the Dakotas, and sometimes topping even hard-spring wheat on the markets. Moreover those same persons, who at first were so opposed to durum wheat, today are not only dealing in it but are actually classed among its staunchest supporters. If ever a fight was won against great odds, it was Kubanka's fight for a place in the pit, generated by its genial sponser.

A few statistics will be instructive. Kubanka and some other durum wheats were introduced in 1899 and 1900. In 1901 probably 60 to 70 thousand bushels were produced. Two years later production had reached 6 to 7 million bushels and in 1906 the crop was reported at 50,000,000 bushels. That crop flooded the poor market for durum wheat and the inevitable happened. This wheat sold far below hard-red spring and some farmers, discouraged, abandoned its cultivation. Many persisted, however, and 1909 saw approximately 40,000,000 bushels of durum wheat produced! But in 1910 and in 1911, owing to extreme drought, the yields dropped down to 24 and 16 million bushels, respectively, and by 1911 the price because of an increasing demand for American-grown durum wheat in Europe as well as in this country, was more nearly equitable, No. 1 Northern (hard-spring) topping No. Durum by only about 5 cents per bushel. Then came the crop of 1912, historic in the annals of durum wheat in the United States, when 40,000,000 bushels were produced and sold at a price above No. 1 Northern! Since then durum wheat has continued to occupy a high position on our wheat exchanges.

Kubanka was introduced from the Kirghiz Steppe district of Western Siberia in the vicinity of Uralsk and Orenburg. Like other wheats of this type it has unusually long beards, which make it objectionable in the eyes of some farmers. Millers were justified to some extent in complaining of the flintiness of the large amber kernels of the durum wheat, which called for certain readjustments of the milling machinery; but the value of this wheat for macaroni manufacture and its potential value as a bread wheat, besides its high yielding power and resistance to rust, made it sure of finally winning a place in this country.

So these and other varieties of the three groups of Russian wheats, the hard-spring, the hard-winter, and the durum, in the face of much opposition, finally became acclimatized and permanently established in this country; and today perhaps more Russian hard wheat is produced here than all the other kinds combined.

God's Touch

God takes a man, his native son,
And with a Father's deep design,
He shapes an image like his own;
To share with him a place divine.

And when God's purpose is complete,
Respecting man, his earthly clod,
His touch awakes the Infinite
And lo, his Son is now a God!

Phoenix, Ariz.

M. A. STEWART

"MORMONISM" AS AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION

BY CLARENCE WILLIAM BROWN

[Clarence William Brown, one of the competitors at the finals of the Y. M. M. I. A. public speaking contest at the late June conference, was born July 29, 1902, in Ogden, Utah, and is a son of Christopher J. and Electa E. Brown. He received his schooling under Principal D. H. Adams in Madison School, and graduated from the eighth grade there, in 1915. He attended the Weber Academy, taking three years high school and one year college study, at that institution, filled a mission in the southern states, leaving July 1, 1920, and labored under President Charles A. Callis for two years and eight months. He spent part of his time in the Kentucky conference as president, and later was made superintendent of mission Sunday Schools, with headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia. He visited and organized schools in Georgia, Florida and South Carolina. On his return home he spent one more year at the Weber College, graduating in 1924, and is at present president of the elders' quorum in the 5th ward of the Mount Ogden stake. We are indebted to Superintendent I. F. Williams for this information. —Editors.]

How do the Latter-day Saints rank in physical strength and vitality? The best index to the physical soundness of a people is infant mortality. A recent census reveals the fact that one hundred and one babies out of a thousand, born alive in the United States, die before they become one year of age. Only sixty-four out of a thousand born in Utah die before they become of this age. The figures prove the presence of physical cleanliness and stamina resulting from the teachings of "Mormonism."

Again, statistics disclose the fact that the average length of life in the United States is thirty years. It is a startling affirmation to declare that the average age of the adherents of "Mormonism" has increased from thirty years to thirty-six years, an increase of 20%.

Such are the results of obedience to the wholesome, hygienic rules given to the Saints by revelation. But, even greater achievements than these can be anticipated, for stronger bodies will continually evolve until we shall ultimately realize God's ideal of physical manhood.

Psychologists affirm that great minds can best be sustained by sound, healthy bodies. It is evident, therefore, that "Mormonism" is creating a desire for physical fitness, is building a substantial foundation for the increased intellectual activity which this religion asserts is a prime requisite of a complete life.

From its incipency "Mormonism" has fostered the development of the mind. Inspired by divine light the Prophet Joseph Smith revealed certain great and fundamental principles of intelligence which have been dynamic forces in impelling the Latter-day Saints to rise to more exalted hopes and holier deeds.

His simple declaration, "A man can be saved no faster than he gets knowledge" is a far reaching thought, a great mainspring to human endeavor, carrying man onward and upward to the realization of a higher, and nobler life.

"The glory of God is intelligence" is an active, positive principle, containing the power of continuous mental growth. It has supplied the springs of action for its believers to seek out from science, literature, art, the things which make for happiness. It has lifted them out of the sordid pleasures of a material world and created in them a desire for that which is divine.

Such are the principles of intelligence which appeared as beacon lights in the destiny of the Latter-day Saints. Such are the principles which actuate their lives and influence them to seek the great, the good, the beautiful. Such are the principles which are making the Church of Jesus Christ a great educational institution.

Furthermore that its adherents may develop their capacities to the greatest perfection possible, "Mormonism" is providing those facilities essential to the acquiring of a liberal education.

It distributes its members in inter-related local organizations, and provides courses of study and practical activities which teach them their correct relation to their fellows, to society, to the state, and to God. With a firm belief in the maxim that a person retains only that which he gives away, it furnishes opportunity for its people to develop by service to others. It supplies work for each to do that each may learn by doing.

Furthermore, in the cause of higher education, it has builded schools, endowed colleges, and developed an educational system which is unsurpassed in the world.

But with this superiority in intellectual attainment "Mormonism" is aware of the fact that mere physical and mental development do not satisfy all the purposes of human existence.

To be alive only to strength, appetite, pleasure, wealth, and pride, which come from physical and intellectual achievements, and not to be alive to purity, and love, sympathy, and kindness, hope and ambition resulting from spiritual development, is to be almost dead.

In the development of all his capacities "Mormonism" recognizes man's need of God. Human intelligence has its limitations but the inspiration and intelligence from the Almighty are infinite and eternal. Among men, knowledge is meagre, truth is limited, justice is defective, mercy is failing, righteousness is insufficient, and love is incomplete. All of these qualities are held by man, but held by him imperfectly. So to realize his ideals man looks beyond himself to the Being in whom these qualities are perfected. It is then that "Mormonism" contributes its most priceless gifts in educating its people in spiritual things, in their relationship to God.

It declares that, "As man is, God once was; and as God is, man

may become." Man is of divine lineage, the offspring of Deity, having inherent within him the powers and attributes of God. His duty, therefore, is to develop these traits and powers that tell of his Divine descent and to become, even while mortal, Godlike.

To enable its people to do this, "Mormonism" has provided them with the greatest code of ethics that has yet been given unto man—the gospel of Jesus Christ. In it are contained the laws, ordinances, principles, and commandments necessary for the perfection of man's nature in the image of his God.

This gospel enlarges sympathy, increases reverence, nourishes faith, inspires hope, exalts the imagination, and keeps alive the fire of love. It awakens within the Latter-day Saints a firm belief in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous and in doing good to all mankind. With Alma, a Book of Mormon prophet, it teaches that to prostitute virtue or chastity, is one of the blackest crimes in the heavenly category.

Such teachings linked with temple ordinances have created in the hearts of the people a divine sacredness for the marriage covenant. They have solidified the home, decreasing divorces by over 30%. The importance of this is readily apparent when we consider that 75% of our immorality and juvenile delinquency come from homes where divorce has wrought havoc. Under the influence of these salient principles, the Latter-day Saints are becoming an example of righteousness unto the world, a city set upon a hill which cannot be hid. Thus is being developed in its people that physical strength that qualifies them to perform the constant duties of life, the power to think, that enables them to cope with the problems of their environment, that faith in God and clean living by which they are able to fulfil all the purposes of human existence.

Is there a need in the world for such liberal education?

In this age of great change and upheaval, when men have fallen into the habit of measuring human achievements by material standards, and when their motives are almost wholly controlled and directed by economic forces, the supreme need is for a prophetic voice to call men back to a consideration of things spiritual. That voice is the voice of the Latter-day Saints, declaring that man must harmoniously develop his capacities, making the physical and intellectual subservient to the spiritual, if he is to fulfil the purposes of his divine inheritance.

Therefore, as Latter-day Saints, we must hold steadfastly to the simple faith of our fathers. We must continue to develop all our capacities, and allow the fruits of the gospel of Jesus Christ to radiate from our lives. Thus through our good work we may convince the world that man cannot expand to the fulness of his nature, without the *help and assistance of the Eternal God.*

PROPHECY AND HISTORY

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON

What many of our young married couples need is a clear, rational vision of the relation of prophecy and history to their lives. Every person should be a prophet in his own affairs, and have a clear vision of his future. In this way prophecy becomes history, and the old adage, which declares history is prophecy reversed, becomes true in his experiences.

Besides, this knowledge of prophecy and history gives men and women a definite aim in life, holding them steadfastly to noble purpose. It saves them from entering by-paths that lead nowhere. It protects them from morbid materialism, and moral degeneracy, and places them on a foundation of spirituality in which God is the directing power. Not till our young fathers and mothers possess this, will they have paid in full their debt to the valiant pioneers whose prophetic spirit and keen insight, made possible the history of our western commonwealths. Not till then will they have paid in full the debt they owe to the new generation now being cradled in their homes.

Prophecy in the experience of the Latter-day Saints as individuals has frequently become history. The same may be said of the people as of individuals. I need only refer to two well known instances, one uttered by Joseph Smith, the prophet, in August, 1842; more than eighty years ago and recorded at the time. In this a number of the brethren were promised: "Some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky mountains." This is a prophecy which has become history before our very eyes.

Another by President Brigham Young. He and a number of his brethren were walking over the land, soon after the arrival of the pioneers, when suddenly President Young, coming to the place where our world-famed temple now stands, then a barren, rocky spot, struck his cane into the ground and exclaimed: "Here we will build the temple of our God." Several years thereafter, on the 6th of April, 1853, the corner stones were laid by President Young assisted by his counselors, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards. Forty years later the glorious structure was completed, and the temple of our God, which to the prophet Brigham Young, had been a vision and prophecy, is now a visible history.

An incident in connection with the breaking of the ground for

*Delivered at the opening session of the June, 1924, M. I. A. Conference, at joint officers meeting in the Assembly Hall.

the foundation was related to me more than thirty years ago by Brigham Young, Jr. and is worthy of mention. The breaking of the ground was done in February and President Young was present. The ground was frozen and hence broke in a large crust. As the men were raising the first piece of earth a silver dollar fell upon it. The sight of coin in those days was a rarity, and the appearance of the silver at the time and place, contributed doubtless by an unknown witness of the proceedings, was considered a good omen. It certainly has so turned out, for the temple as Brigham saw it was a prophecy which has become a marvelous history in our lives.

And so we might go on with illustrations. Our happy mountain homes, our fruitful fields, our thriving towns and cities, our marvelous industries and mines, our canneries and factories, our luxurious palaces of learning, our glorious temples and houses of worship, are prophecies which, being fulfilled, have become history. Behold, it is marvelous in our eyes!

What we have seen and learned in the course of our own lives is a lesson to us and to our young people to seek the testimony of Jesus, which is the spirit of prophecy that we in turn may prophesy of the future, and by our faith and works, make our visions come true. This will result in history, full of countless blessings to those who shall follow after us—our children and our children's children,—history that shall overflow even in fuller measure than that resulting from the prophecies of our fathers.

The Latter-day Saints are believers in the efficacy of prophetic utterance. They are firm believers in the prophets and prophecies of the Book of Mormon, treating of the ancient inhabitants of this continent. These are full of splendid lessons that may be applied to our lives. There are scores of illustrations of prophets and their prophecies fulfilled in that holy book that cannot fail to impress the young married people of our age with their wonderful value as inspiration for the future day, once they become familiar with them. Of course, in order to get value from them, we must become familiar with them so that they may be applied in our tasks and be made prophetic guides for our instruction and for the history of our lives.

Lehi was comforting the mother of his sons who had journeyed into the wilderness up to the land of Jerusalem to obtain the record of the Jews. It appears that Lehi also found certain plates of brass upon which a genealogy of his fathers was engraved, by which he knew that he was a descendant of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt, and from whom has sprung Ephraim and Manasseh. Lehi thus discovered the genealogy of his fathers and was filled with the spirit and was led to prophesy concerning his seed saying "that these plates of brass should go forth into all nations, kindreds, tongues and people who were of his seed. Wherefore, he said that these plates of

brass should never perish, neither should they be dimmed any more by time." And he prophesied many other things concerning the people who were to be his descendants. This prophecy has been remarkably fulfilled, at least in part, by the coming forth in these days of the Book of Mormon containing these facts. Doubtless many other ideas in that book were gathered from the brass plates by the ancient writers of the Book of Mormon. This book has been and is being distributed to the seed of Lehi in all parts of this land. Hundreds of thousands of copies have been printed and distributed to all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, as well as to the seed of Lehi. And so the prophecy is made history in our day. Many other instances might be mentioned in which the Book of Mormon prophecies have become history in modern times.

In the course of study in the advanced Senior class of the Y. M. M. I. A., 1924-25, it is intended that some of these shall be pointed out to the membership of the class, which now numbers something like 25,000 people.

Besides, twelve lessons from the text book, *The Founding of Utah*, will be prepared that will illustrate the fulfilment of some of the prophecies of modern prophets.

Think what wonderful history this membership may project into the future, if they shall obtain the spirit of prophecy, and by their faith, study, and works, and the help in the days to come of the Holy Spirit, cause to be woven into reality by their descendants, history upon which future generations may still build structures of progress, spiritual and temporal, that shall reach into the eternities. The idea is not so much to gather voluminous illustrations, as to have the membership imbibe the spirit that characterized the prophets of old and the people who transformed their prophecies into history. The same application may be made to the lives of the people today.

And now, as a closing thought! We must obtain a testimony of Jesus as our Savior and a firm faith in God as the overruling Being. Faith, which is a gift of God to all who seek, comes by asking and by studying and by hearing the word of the Lord.

Our study in the Advanced Senior class will direct us in the way, and if we continue earnestly, our faith will increase, so that at the close of the study season of 1924-25, we can have a testimony of Jesus which is the spirit of prophecy, and can say in our hearts, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

At a recent convention of Scouts, it was stated that out of 3,200 boys coming before the Los Angeles Juvenile Court, only two were boy scouts. Of course, the boy scout program has much to do with such a showing, but it should be remembered, also, that the underlying cause of good conduct is love of God and faith in him. A great majority of our Scouts are blest with parents who have this

faith, and who believe in Jesus Christ as the Savior of mankind. Hence their good behavior. Knowing God and his Son Jesus Christ is not only eternal life, but it is a solid foundation for moral conduct. Without this knowledge we build upon sand.

Despise not prophesyings! From prophecy has arisen the deepest movement of the human spirit. Prophecy is a creative power whose results remain the imperishable heritage of our age and race. Our Church is built upon prophecy, hence our progress. We believe in prophets and prophecy. We sing, "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet." We worship God, we seek the testimony of Jesus Christ which is the spirit of prophecy.

My brethren and sisters, fellow workmen in the M. I. A., I am delighted to have had this privilege of saying these few words to you; you who are the descendants of workers with whom I have been associated in the M. I. A. for fifty years within a few months. I love the work, it is dear to my heart, and I hope that God will inspire you and me and coming generations to carry it on, and on. Thank you, God bless you, Amen.

Nature's Music

There's music in the gentle breeze
That stirs the leaves and sways the trees;
There's music in the plaintive song
It sings, while gliding smoothly on.

There's music in the gusts that roar
Among the cliffs where the eagles soar,
And in the great pines' heavy notes,
Whose sound o'er hill and valley floats.

There's music in the gentle rain;
While rushing down the verdant hill,
When, o'er some great high cliff it leaps,
And falls below in liquid heaps.

There's music in the gentle rain;
It sings a sweet and soothing strain,
While falling on the grateful leaves,
Or dripping from the sulky eaves.

There's music in the restless sea
Where great high waves rush toward the lea,
And giving forth their mighty roar
While dashing madly on the shore.

There's music in the human soul
Which, harmonizing with the whole,
Responds to all that nature sings
And blends most sweetly with all things.

THE MISSISSIPPI PEDDLER*

BY ARTHUR J. HORNE

At that period of our history when St. Louis was the mecca of the trapper and the fur trader and New Orleans our principal slave market most of our inland population was gathered, or rather scattered, along the rivers, for these waterways were the chief means of communication and afforded the simplest roads to market. Taking advantage of this situation, Edward Rotonon procured a boat and, loading it with all manner of trinkets and useful articles, established a sort of trade route between these two chief cities of the Mississippi. Up and down the river he went, bartering his goods for cash or furs, increasing his ports of call as new settlers appeared on the river bank, and finding not a little profit from the travelers who came in ever-increasing numbers on the steamboats now making their regular trips upon the Father of Waters.

Edward Rotonon was not only a trader of wares, but he was a dreamer of dreams as well, for as he sat in his boat steering his way over the murky waters of the broad river he saw himself as a great merchant in the city of St. Louis, his shelves laden with goods brought from all parts of the world by the steamers plying the river, while before his counters ranged the eager purchasers impatient to be waited on by his busy clerks. While thus musing and dreaming, as the sun was sinking low in the west, he reached a familiar bend in the river not far below the city of his dreams. He steered his bark toward the western shore, and ere he reached the bank his small black dog sprang from the bottom of the boat, leaped over the side with a splash into the water, and the next moment was scrambling up the bank, shaking the water from its furry coat onto the green grass among the trees. When the boat bumped against the shore, the man stood up and reaching a coil of rope at the stern tossed one end of it to the dog. The latter caught it in his mouth and quickly ran with it around a sapling. It required but a moment for the man to step ashore and make the end of the rope fast to the tree, then returning to the boat he took therefrom a small satchel and a roll of bedding.

"Timothy," he said, addressing the dog, "we'll sleep in John's cabin tonight." At this intelligence Timothy wagged his tail appreciatively and bounded away into the forest. After a short walk they came to a clearing on the far side of which was a log cabin. A tiny spiral of smoke issued from the chimney and the peddler started back when he saw it. At that instant a man in the rough garb of the

*This story is fictional in character, but founded on typical facts.—*Editors.*

trapper came from the cabin doorway and went round the corner of the house.

"Halloo, brother!" called the boatman, and as the man reappeared he continued, "I was not expecting to see you here at this season of the year."

No more was I expectin' to be here, but the warm weather comin' on so early spoils the fur, an' we decided to let it alone till fall." They greeted each other warmly, embracing in true brotherly fashion. They went inside, leaving the door open to admit the light for there were no windows. Edward sat down on the edge of the bunk while his brother drew up a rude bench and rested his arm on the rough slab table.

"You know, John, those 'Mormons' you told me about being driven out of the western part of the state?" The trapper nodded. "They're settling on the east bank of the river somewhere above Quincy. They've already started a city."

"Its wicked the way them people was done!" exclaimed the trapper, and raising his arm he hit the table a resounding whack. "Callin' 'em thieves an' such, the blackguards! There never was a more peaceable an' honest set of folks anywhere. I've stayed with 'em many a time when I've been comin' back with my pack, an' never a pelt stole either. They're a prayin' people an' hard workin'; 'tain't that a way with thieves, you know that, Ed?"

"Hard working people is what this country needs right now," returned the peddler, "and I guess it wouldn't hurt any of us if we prayed a little more."

"You're right, an' I hope the good Lord will take care of them people. Well, unroll your beddin' an' I'll fetch in some wood fur cookin' supper." The trapper arose and went outside. When the sound of his ax reached the ears of the peddler, the latter went to his satchel and, taking out a long buckskin wallet, returned with it to the fireplace. Kneeling down he deftly removed one of the bricks from the hearth revealing a cavity underneath, in the bottom of which lay a small heap of shining gold pieces. He quickly untied the wallet and took out three gold pieces which he dropped into the cavity. This was his part of the dream—this was the money with which he expected some day to set up his store in St. Louis. As the sound of the ax ceased, Edward hastily replaced the brick and sprinkled ashes over the place. When the trapper came in with an armful of wood he found his brother sitting on the edge of the bunk just as he had left him.

Several years went by in this manner. Occasionally the brothers met in the cabin of the trapper, but more often Edward spent the night there alone as he stopped in on his trips up and down the river. And bit by bit the shining horde under the cabin hearth grew, while

the goal which the Mississippi Peddler had set for himself seemed ever nearer and nearer.

Meanwhile there was much talk among the people in the vicinity of St. Louis and on the steamboats, about the city which the "Mormons" were founding on the banks of the river above Quincy. "We must go and see this city," the peddler remarked to his dog one day. "They tell us a temple is being built there, too. What do you say, Timothy, to a trip to this wonderful city of Nauvoo before we go down river again?" For answer the dog got up from his bed in the stern and, coming back to where his master sat holding the tiller rope, laid his nose against the man's knee and looked up into his master's eyes questioningly. "What say, Timothy? If you mean 'Yes,' wag your tail." Instantly the tail set up such a wagging that the man laughed aloud. "All right, Old Timer, we'll go."

It was a beautiful spring morning. Nature was at her best, and when they came in sight of the city of their quest, Edward Roton thought he had never before witnessed a sight so grand and imposing. Right in their path it lay as if it had been thrust out into the river causing the water to flow around it. On the crest of the hill were the walls of the temple shining in the morning sunlight, while from its base the ground sloped gently to the water's edge, being dotted over with houses set amid the green foliage of gardens and vineyards. Securing his boat at the wharf the peddler stepped ashore and walked up the principal thoroughfare. Mulholland Street, to the business section on the brow of the hill. He was surprised at the substantial nature of the buildings, most of them being of brick while the temple was being built of a light-gray limestone. On the well-kept streets were many teams of horses and oxen, while pedestrians thronged the sidewalks. He accosted one of the men he met, who seemed to be less in a hurry than the others.

"Pardon me, but can you tell me where I can find Joe Smith?"

"Joseph Smith," corrected the man quietly, almost reverently.

"I beg your pardon," the peddler returned hastily. "I meant no offense, but it is the name I hear all along the river."

"I know, but we hold him to be a Prophet of God. I think you will find him in the grove west of the temple. I am on my way there, now, and if you wish I will conduct you to the place."

"Thanks," replied the peddler, and they fell into step as they turned their faces toward the temple grounds. "My name is Edward Roton."

"The Mississippi Peddler!" the other exclaimed. "I have often heard of you."

"From your opening remarks I judge that you are a 'Mormon.'"

"No, I can't say that I am—that is, I have not been baptized yet."

"Tell me, do you really think Joe—Joseph Smith is some kind of prophet?"

"There can be no doubt about it—the man is inspired. No man could do the things he does except God be with him."

By this time they had reached the grove where a large congregation of people were already assembled. The occasion, it seemed, was the funeral services of a child. The peddler and his new acquaintance sat down on one of the benches at the rear. The Prophet conducted the exercises and himself preached the funeral sermon.

"The Lord takes many away, even in infancy," rang out the voice of the Prophet, "that they may escape the envy of man and the sorrows and evils of this present world; they were too pure, too lovely to live on earth; therefore, if rightly considered, instead of mourning we have reason to rejoice, as they are delivered from evil * * * The only difference between the old and young dying is, one lives longer in heaven and eternal light and glory than the other, and is freed a little sooner from this miserable wicked world." Much more he said, while the people sat in wrapt attention. Never had Edward Roton heard a sermon like that. Everything this man said was new and startling. By a sentence, by a word, he swept away the doctrines and traditions of men. At the conclusion of the meeting the peddler was introduced to the Prophet who received him with a kindly smile and a handclasp which thrilled him through and through.

"I am almost persuaded to be a 'Mormon,'" Roton confided to his companion when they left the grove.

"Not almost but altogether, I hope, brother," returned the other.

"For many generations my people have been Catholics; I cannot leave them to follow after strange doctrines."

"We shall see," said his companion. "Stranger things than that are happening every day."

From that time on the Mississippi Peddler extended his trade route to include the city of Nauvoo, and he never missed an opportunity while there of attending meetings when they were being held. He thus became acquainted with most of the Church leaders, and though he would not admit it to himself, their personalities and teachings were having a powerful effect upon him.

One summer's day as he approached the city, a boatman rode out to meet him. When they were within speaking distance the man said, "The Prophet Joseph and his brother are dead—killed by a mob in Carthage jail." The kindhearted peddler was shocked beyond measure at this information.

"What did they do that for? What harm had he done?" he demanded.

**Historical Record*, Book 1, page 490.

"They say he was an enemy to the government and a wicked man, but the devil put that in their hearts." The man seemed choked with grief, and immediately turned his boat about and rowed back to the shore. The peddler continued on his way slowly. And so the man who had smiled at him so pleasantly that day in the grove lay cold in death. What a pity. "While thieves and cutthroats of every description are roaming over the country unmolested, this good man is seized and put to death. They said he was an enemy to Cæsar, did they? I wonder if they accused him of healing a man on the Sabbath day?"

When he reached the city he found everything in confusion. Armed guards moved about in every direction. All the people he met were sad-looking and downcast—women wept and men's lips trembled when they spoke. No sound of hammer or trowel could be heard in the city and the temple grounds were silent and deserted. "Will these people continue to be 'Mormons' now that their Prophet is dead?" he asked himself.

For a time Edward Roton's customers were neglected. He was too interested in watching the outcome of affairs in the city of Nauvoo. Many leaders put themselves forward to take the place of the martyred Prophet and the people did not know just what to do. Finally the majority seemed to rally about Brigham Young, and under his direction work on the temple was resumed. But the people were poor and, being hard pressed by their enemies, the work progressed slowly. The women from their slender savings contributed enough to purchase a crane for handling the huge stones. When the peddler heard of this he handed to Brigham Young a ten-dollar gold piece. "I hope to give something every time I come to the city," he said.

As the peddler was leaving the house he thought he heard someone say, "Give the money you are saving for the store to the house of the Lord." He turned to see who had spoken, wondering how in the world anyone had learned of his savings and their purpose. But when he looked about there was no one in sight; he stood absolutely alone on the sidewalk in front of Brigham Young's house.

"I couldn't do that," he said half aloud. "It would be many years before I could save a sum as large as that is now—perhaps I never would have that much again. No, no, that is asking too much, I couldn't do that." And he hurried away down Mulholland street to the river.

In his haste to get aboard his boat he almost upset it. Hoisting his sail he turned his craft down stream and was soon gliding out over the rippling waters. "That is too much to ask any man to give—his life's savings. I could give some of it, but to give it all and not have any store in St. Louis when I've set my heart on it for more than ten years?"

And though it was a cool day, he actually took out his handker-

chief and wiped the sweat from his perspiring brow. Just then a whistle sounded, and he turned to see one of the big steamboats coming down the river at a lively clip, plowing the water into windrows with its sharp beak and leaving in its wake a row of white-capped waves piled up by the giant wheels. It had gone some distance past him before he realized that this was one of the largest boats on the river and perhaps had a goodly number of passengers aboard. Here was an opportunity slipping past him for disposing of most of his wares, and since he had spent so much time in Nauvoo his business had been sadly neglected. If he was to help build the temple he must increase his business. There was a stiff breeze blowing and, setting his sail at the proper angle, he was soon skimming over the water at a rapid rate. As he came up with the big boat again it was just leaving the wharf at Quincy. Three young men in small row boats were waiting out in midstream for the vessel to pass them, and as it did so they rowed one after the other into the great waves thrown up by the wheels. Up and down like corks went the tiny boats as the waves rolled under them until the water subsided.

Putting on all sail the peddler raced after the big steamer, gaining on it rapidly. Soon he passed it, cutting across in front of it as it rounded a bend in the river. He kept well in the lead, then, until St. Louis was reached. There he moored his bark and waited the arrival of his customers. Soon the big vessel hove in sight and, swinging around gracefully to the wharf, came to a stop not twenty feet in front of his own small boat. He boarded the vessel when the gang plank was shoved ashore, and was soon busy exhibiting his wares to the eager passengers when the boat was about to leave. the peddler shouldered his empty pack and returned to his bark, his pockets bulging with newly acquired coins.

"Not so bad, Timothy," he said. "We'll go on down to John's for the night." While he was stowing away his pack and his money and locking the lid where he kept them, his boat had been gently drifting up the river in one of those little swirls frequently seen near the bank of every stream. This brought him within a few feet of the big vessel, but as it had not yet raised its gang plank, he concluded there would be no danger in crossing its path. He had scarcely got well behind it when, without warning, the monster wheels began to turn, churning the water into white foam and sending it rearward in huge waves. He tried to turn his boat to ride the waves as the boys had done, but it was too late; the huge wall of water was upon him before he could more than dip an oar. It struck his small craft broadside overturning it into the river. The next instant the water closed over him. He had no particular fears for his safety, for he was an expert swimmer, but somehow he found himself underneath the overturned boat tangled up in the tiller rope. Try as he would he could not free himself. He struggled

blindly in the dark and muddy water, bumping his head repeatedly against the gunwale. The water was pressing into his lungs and he realized that unless help came in a few seconds it would be the end of Edward Roton. How he wished Brigham Young had his money for the building of the temple! Now it would do no one any good, for no one knew of its hiding place, not even his brother. "O Lord," he prayed, "get me out of this and I'll give every cent of it to build your house." At that moment he felt himself being lifted toward the surface while the boat slowly righted itself. His head came above water and he filled his lungs with the life-giving air. When he could gather his wits he looked about to see who had come to his rescue. Two men were running toward him along the river bank and Timothy was clinging with his forepaws to the opposite side of the nearly submerged boat, but no one else was in sight. The men rushed into the water and began to tow his boat to the shore while he clung to the side, too weak to offer any assistance.

"Peers like it was your dog saved you, Mister. He was tryin' to climb up on top, and when he got up a ways the boat just naturally turned back with him an' you popped up." The peddler sat down on the bank weakly.

"Another minute and I would have been done for, I can tell you that," he answered. The men emptied the water from his boat and then offered to take him home with them until he could dry his clothes. "No, thanks," he said, "my brother has a cabin down the river a piece. I'll go on down there." He took off his shoes and drained the water from them and wrung out what water he could from his clothes. He got into his boat again and setting his sopping things to rights as best he could took hold of his oars and once more started out toward midstream. "Thanks, very much for your help," he said to the man, and was once more on his way, not much the worse for his unexpected bath.

"I guess the store in St. Louis isn't for us," he said to Timothy. "I wouldn't want it there, anyhow, I'd rather have it in Nauvoo." Timothy wagged his tail up and down in approval, for he was lying down in the bottom of the boat and had no other way to wag it. "Well, if the Lord wants that money for the temple, I guess He can have it."

On his arrival at his brother's cabin he built a fire and dried his clothes. The next morning he gathered together his few belongings and piled them in a heap on an old shirt which he had spread out on the floor. Then he removed the brick on the hearth and took out the heap of money. He did not know how much was there until that moment when he counted it. Three thousand one hundred and seventy dollars,, all in shining gold pieces. To these were added nearly fifty dollars more which he took from his wallet. These he placed on the top of the bundle and tied the whole with the sleeves of the

shirt. Then he sat down at the table and wrote a brief note to his brother:

Dear John:—

I am going up the river to Nauvoo to join the "Mormons." I know your heart is with them, too, so come along.

Ed.

He placed the note over a peg on the wall and hung the frying-pan over it. Then taking up his bundle he set off in the direction of the river.

Brigham Young sat in the front room of his home and looked across at the temple now nearly finished. His massive brow was clouded, and his face troubled. In his hand was a paper on which was written the command of the Lord to finish that structure. Perhaps he was wondering how this was to be accomplished, for already they had signed an agreement with their enemies to leave the city. And while he thus pondered the situation there came a knock at his door. "Come in," he said, and in walked the Mississippi Peddler, a huge bundle on his back, held by a stick slung across his shoulder. "Well, Brother Roton, we are glad to see you again. It has been but a few days since you left for your trip to New Orleans. Surely you have not been there already?"

"No, the Lord ducked me in the river and wouldn't let me up until I promised to come right back with this." And without more ado the peddler set his bundle in the middle of the floor almost at the feet of his host. Then he began to untie the shirt sleeves. They did yield readily, and, using his strength, he burst them asunder, scattering over the floor in every direction a multitude of shining gold pieces. "There, Brother Brigham," he said, "I have brought this for the building of the temple."

And though the mobs with fury beat against the city, driving out the inhabitants into the wilderness of the great west, enough people remained to complete the house of the Lord and perform their ordinances therein. And when the exodus was complete, and the "Mormons" wended their way toward the mountains, they took with them, as one of their own number, the man who had been known as the Mississippi Peddler.

Youth

Youth is the song of the lark
When Dawn tip-toes o'er the
 meadow;
A wistful flute in the dark
By the river.

Youth is the fragrance of flowers
That grow in a hidden garden;
The largest of magic hours
Whose feet are winged.

Youth is a dream of a God
Asleep in a forest enchanted;
A vision, the soul of a seed,
Entombed in a clod, beholdeth.

Youth is a mirage of Heaven;
A glimpse through the gates of Eden;
That unto Earth's pilgrim is given
To turn his feet homeward
At twilight.

Maud Baggarley.

HEROES OF SCIENCE

BY DR. F. S. HARRIS AND N. I. BUTT,
OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

4. Welsbach

The whole world marveled when King Alfred of England devised his lanthorn by placing thin strips of horn about his candles so the wind would not make the light flicker. But at night his palace was so dark and gloomy that even the most poorly lighted houses of today would seem bright and cheery in comparison. Had one of the wonderful incandescent lights devised by Welsbach been placed in King Alfred's palace it would have been difficult to tell that there were any candles present.

We are accustomed to speak of the ordinary electric light as the best device for artificial lighting, but under many conditions the incandescent gas light gives more illumination in proportion to the money spent. The gas light, especially the types using the smaller gasoline and other generators, are making country homes as well lighted as those in the city. Defective vision caused by reading and sewing in poorly lighted houses is becoming rare.

That light could be produced by gas was known for several centuries, but the light was very unsatisfactory and expensive until Welsbach discovered the incandescent mantle about forty years ago. For many years following this discovery gas furnished by far the best ordinary light. The old type of carbon electric lights were several times less efficient than the gas mantle and when improvements came in the electric light it was through investigations started by Welsbach.

There was no thought in the mind of Welsbach of producing a gas mantle when he began the experiments which led up to it. He was one of the pure scientists who work to discover facts rather than practical ways for using them. Born in Germany, in 1858, he passed through school and by the time he finished college he had been inspired by the influence of the great scientist Bunsen, to seek his fortune as a research worker. At this time Bunsen was investigating the newly discovered method of analyzing substances by heating them in the flame of his burner. Naturally Welsbach, his pupil, became interested in this investigation and after his graduation he began to test the properties of many elements not previously analyzed in this way. In 1885 he discovered two new chemical substances through this type of investigation.

The ordinary method for studying chemicals by means of the flame is to dip a platinum wire into the solution of the chemical and then place it in the flame. Welsbach thought, because he could

thus get more of the solution in the flame, perhaps he could secure better results by dipping a piece of cotton in the solution and burning this as well as the chemical. When he tried this method he was surprised to find that after the cotton was burned the rare earths he was working with did not crumble to pieces but held the shape they were in when soaked into the cotton. The flame caused the earths to produce a brilliant white glow.

The trouble with gas lights before this time was that the energy was wasted in blue heat flames rather than giving light. Welsbach immediately saw that if the heat energy could be utilized to make these rare earths white hot a beautiful white light would be produced.

Following this decision Welsbach commenced an earnest search to discover the best rare earths to be used. The one he first decided upon as best proved very unsatisfactory, because the light given out was not so good as might be expected, and a slight jar would shake it to pieces. The following year, 1886, a still more thorough search was made and thoria, the substance now used in mantles, proved most satisfactory so far as durability and the ability to hold together when fired is concerned.

Thoria, however, does not give a large amount of light when pure, and another long search was necessary before it was discovered that a small amount of another rare earth, ceria, brings out the brilliance which pure thoria lacks. Further experiments were necessary in order to discover how to make the mantles burn to the proper shape. So thorough were the tests made by Welsbach in perfecting the gas mantle that despite hundreds of attempts to improve its quality by using different proportions of the two ingredients used by the inventor, or to use other minerals, no other mantle has succeeded. Artificial silk and a fabric called ramia were found better than cotton for absorbing the earthy material and some other improvements in the lasting quality have been made, but the proportion of the earthy materials remains the same.

While the discovery of the mantle brought wealth and fame to Welsbach, it did not destroy his love for research. The carbon electric lights in use at that time gave only a wasteful reddish glow. He decided to try to make incandescent globes which would give efficient white light. Again experimenting with the rare earths, in 1898, he discovered that osmium successfully conducted the electricity, and when heated gave a satisfactory light. There were, however, certain defects in the osmium filaments which made it unsatisfactory. Undaunted Welsbach continued to experiment until 1903, when he, and other investigators working along the same line, discovered the value of tungsten, the filament now used in our most efficient ordinary electric globes. The tungsten filaments of today furnishes light at about one third the cost of that produced from those made of carbon.

Even after Welsbach had made these discoveries, he went back to his laboratories to carry on further research. In 1907 he dis-

covered an element which had never been known before. Feeling that he was indebted to science for the wealth that had come to him, he spent a large sum to build an experiment station where other investigators might discover knowledge useful to mankind.

Provo, Utah.

Our Martyrs

Every town and city has them,
 Many families, too, I find—
 Men and women, worn and broken
 Both in body and in mind.
 Carry other people's burdens,
 Worrying over others' woes.
 Hurt by unjust criticisms;
 What they suffer no one knows.

Oh, that all would do their duty,
 And that each would bear his share;
 None would then be overloaded,
 None would be burdened down with care.
 But be patient, oh, ye weary,
 Struggle on, nor cease to pray.
 If you carry others' burdens,
 You will surely draw the pay.

Shelley, Idaho

JOSEPH H. DEAN.

God Bless the Youth of Zion

God bless the youth of Zion, day by day,
 Let not their footsteps wander from virtue's way;
 But true and faithful may they stand
 A blessing to their glorious land,
 Thy precepts may they understand,
 God bless the youth of Zion.

Their fathers' faith was mighty, firm and brave
 They faced the dreary deserts the youth to save
 From Babylon's clouded mind,
 For them a sanctuary to find,
 For them they left their all behind;
 God bless the youth of Zion.

Within thy love and favor, may their light
 Illuminate the darkness, pure and bright,
 Their deeds shine out before thee, Lord,
 O may they all with one accord
 Defend and keep thy Holy Word;
 God bless the youth of Zion.

RUTH MAY FOX.

FAITH AND WORKS*

The Clearing of a Seeming Conflict

BY ELDER JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH,
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

These are the words of the Savior spoken to his disciples and one of them not fully comprehending his meaning asked him a question. Jesus answered and said unto him:

"If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.

"He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings, and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me."

There are throughout the Christian world various opinions regarding what is necessary to bring about the salvation of men. Some there are who have accepted very literally, but without comprehending the meaning of it, the expression that was uttered by Paul to the Ephesians.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God:

"Not of works, lest any man should boast."

Those who accept that view as literally as it is recorded, without any reference to the context, disregard or reject the epistle of James which, apparently to them teaches a very different doctrine, for James says this:

"Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.

"Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe and tremble.

"But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?"

And so the controversy has been going on since the days of the Reformation, if not before, in regard to these scriptures. Some men contending for the doctrine of James and some for the doctrine of Paul, both misunderstanding what Paul has written and what James has written, for in reality there is no conflict.

The world is full of good honest people who believe that all that is necessary for one to do in order to be saved is to confess the

*These remarks were made in the Salt Lake Tabernacle at the Liberty Stake Conference on July 20, 1924.

names of Jesus Christ with their lips. A professed minister of the gospel once told me that if the entire Bible were lost with the exception of one passage which is found in the tenth chapter of Romans, the 9th verse, that one verse would be enough to save the world. It is as follows:

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

Now, of course, this is a very extreme view. It would not be enough to save the world for the very good reason that the Lord has said unto us that we are to live by every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God, and we are, as I have read to you, under the necessity of keeping his commandments.

I desire to point out wherein there is no conflict whatever in the teachings of these two apostles of old; that Paul taught the doctrine that was taught by James, and James was in full accord with the doctrine that was taught by Paul; the fact being that they are approaching the subject from different angles.

Paul was dealing with the class of people who believed that a man could not be saved unless he subscribed to the law of Moses, that a man was under the necessity more or less of saving himself, and who denied the full power of the atonement of Jesus Christ. James on the other hand was defending the necessity of works, counteracting the idea which prevailed among others who professed faith in Christ, that if they had faith it was all-sufficient. Therefore they approached this subject from different viewpoints, and each of them teaches the truth.

I might illustrate this. Many times I have passed down the street and have looked in a store window and have read a sign. As I have approached it from the right certain words appeared advertising certain goods. As I have passed and come into full front view, then something else has appeared, and as I have passed on to the left and have looked back at that sign, other words appeared, three different and distinct signs, but all referring to the goods that are to be sold in that shop. I might stand on the right side and say: "This sign says so and so." You may stand on the left and say: "No, you are wrong, I can see it, and it says so and so," and we might contend over it, and we would both be wrong although we would both be partly right.

You have heard the story of the two knights who contended over the shield that was on the arm of the statue, one declaring that it was made of gold and the other that it was of silver, and so they contended until they came to blows and each received a mortal wound. But as they fell to the earth and changed their positions the one that was on the right saw that the gold shield was silver, and the one that was on the left saw that the silver shield was gold.

This is just the situation as we have it in regard to the teaching of Paul and James. It is a doctrine of the Church that is fully upheld and sustained by the Scriptures and by the handdealing of God with the children of men from the beginning, that he does not do for us one thing that we can do for ourselves, but requires of us that we do everything for ourselves that is within our power for our salvation. I think that is logical and reasonable. On the other hand, the Lord has done everything for us for our salvation that we could not do for ourselves, and there were some things that we could not do for ourselves, and we had to have help from an infinite source.

Adam, our first parent,—and I believe that doctrine very firmly, which is now discounted in the world—through his transgression brought into the world death, and through death came suffering and sin. The first death that was pronounced upon him was banishment from the presence of the Lord. For Adam died two deaths, a spiritual death, or banishment from the presence of God, which is the first death, and which is like the second death which will be pronounced upon the wicked when they are cast out of the presence of the Lord; and he also died the mortal death.

The first death, spiritual death, came upon him at the time of his transgression. The mortal death did not overtake him for many many years, for the Lord granted unto him a time of probation in which he was taught and instructed in the principles of the gospel and given a chance to repent, to show through his faithfulness his worthiness of redemption, and to be brought back again into the presence of God his father.

The mortal death passed upon all men through the transgression of Adam, and every man is subject to death. Being subject to death and to sin, it is impossible for us by any act of ours to redeem ourselves from death or from our own individual sins. We are absolutely helpless. Every man that has been born into the world since the days of Adam, save the Lord Jesus Christ, has been subject to death, and under the transgression of his own sins, without the power in and of himself to redeem himself from either situation.

Since justice demands reparation and restoration, it was necessary that there be an infinite atonement. Christ came into the world not subject to death and not guilty of sin, and with power to atone for the sins of the world and also for Adam's transgression.

Jesus Christ came into the world the Son of God in very deed, the Only Begotten of the Father in the flesh. He was not subject to death, for he had no earthly father. His Father is the Father of our spirits, and the Father gave unto him life, that he might have life in himself, even as his Father had life in himself. And therefore Jesus Christ was not subject unto death at any time. Yet he had the power within himself as he so declared, to lay down his life and take it again, for that commandment he says he had received from his Father. Now, in order that this may be clearly stated, I want to give

you his own words in regard to this very thing, as we find them recorded in the fifth and in the tenth chapter of John. In the fifth chapter of John, speaking of this power which he possessed, the Lord said:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life;

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live.

"For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself.

"And hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man."

In the tenth chapter of John, speaking of the power which is in him, the Savior says this:

"Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again.

"No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father."

And that marks the difference between the Lord Jesus Christ and the rest of mankind. We have no life in ourselves, for no power has been given unto us, to lay down our lives and take them again. That is beyond our power, and so, being subject to death, and sinners, for we are all transgressors of the law to some extent, no matter how good we have tried to be, we are therefore unable in and of ourselves to receive redemption from our sins by any act of our own.

This is the grace that Paul was teaching. Therefore, it is by the grace of Jesus Christ that we are saved. And had he not come into the world, and laid down his life that he might take it again, or as he said in another place, to give us life that we may have it more abundantly—we would still be subject to death and in our sins.

As it was pointed out by Isaiah and others of the prophets many hundreds of years before his birth, Christ took upon himself the transgressions of all men and suffered for them, that they might escape on conditions of their repentance and acceptance of his gospel, and their faithfulness to the end. So we are saved by grace, and that not of ourselves. It is the gift of God. If Jesus Christ had not died for us there would have come to us no salvation, and we would have remained absolutely in our sins, without redemption, and would have become subject to Satan and his emissaries forever and ever. But through the mercies of God, Christ came into the world and his blood was shed for the redemption of men, so that all who will believe and will acknowledge him and take upon them his commandments, enduring to the end, shall receive eternal life.

So far as redemption from death is concerned, since we were not responsible for it, we will be redeemed from it. Therefore, through the blood of Christ, every man shall come forth from the dead in the resurrection, and the spirit and body shall be inseparably connected. Then man, if he has been righteous, shall receive a fulness of joy, and if unrighteous, he shall suffer, of course, for his transgressions, but every man has been given immortality, which means that he shall die again no more.

These are the doctrines that were taught by the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the burden of the message which we declare unto the world—Christ and him crucified for the redemption of men.

So Paul taught these people who thought that they could be saved by some power that was within them or by observing the law of Moses. He pointed out to them the fact that if it was not for the mission of Jesus Christ, if it was not for this great atoning sacrifice, they could not be redeemed. And therefore it was by the grace of God that they are saved, not by any work on their part, for they were absolutely helpless. Paul was absolutely right.

And on the other hand James taught just as the Lord taught, just as Paul had taught in other Scripture, that it is our duty, of necessity, to labor, to strive in diligence, and faith, keeping the commandments of the Lord, if we would obtain that inheritance which is promised to the faithful, and which shall be given unto them through their faithfulness to the end. There is no conflict in the doctrines of these two men. There is no need for the world to be in conflict in regard to this question. It is merely due to the fact that they cannot or do not comprehend the mission of Jesus Christ. They do not understand what salvation means. They do not know upon what it is based.

The world today is discarding the doctrines of the Church. Many men no longer accept Jesus Christ as the Son of God; they do not believe in his atonement. They have rejected the resurrection; no longer accept it as being essential to salvation, and yet it is one of the fundamental doctrines of the Church. Christ, the prototype, the example, came forth from the dead as he said he would, after he had laid down his life and had taken it again on the third day. He presented himself to his disciples and told them to handle him and see, for a spirit had not a body of flesh and bones as they saw that he had.

And so they came and they handled him and further to convince them he partook of the fish and honeycomb. He ate in their presence and convinced them by a practical demonstration that it was he himself, the same body that had hung on the cross, which they had put in the tomb and that he had come forth again in the resurrection. Moreover that all power, both in heaven and in earth had been given unto him through his obedience to his Father, and through the resurrection which he had received. He was the first fruits of the resurrection, and he came forth and taught mankind that as he came

forth from the dead so all men should come forth from the dead, both the good and the bad; and that men should be judged according to their works and receive the reward according to merit. That is the gospel of Jesus Christ in its simplicity, just that plainly set forth in these Scriptures so that the fool may read and understand; and yet the wise man in all his learning, closes his eyes against this truth and thinks he understands.

There is a striking passage in the Book of Mormon which is very significant and which appeals to me very strongly, it is:

"O that cunning plan of the evil one! O the vainness, and the frailties, and the foolishness of men! When they are learned they think they are wise, and they hearken not unto the counsel of God, for they set it aside, supposing they know of themselves, wherefore, their wisdom is foolishness and it profiteth them not. And they shall perish."

But mark you this:

"But to be learned is good if they hearken unto the counsels of God. But woe unto the rich, who are rich as to the things of the world. For because they are rich they despise the poor, and they persecute the meek, and their hearts are upon their treasures; wherefore, their treasure is their God. And behold, their treasure shall perish with them also."

I say that is very good common sense and good Scripture. Now another passage from this excellent volume of Scripture, the Book of Mormon:

"And now my beloved brethren, after ye have gotten into this straight and narrow path, I would ask if all is done"—[in other words, after you have been baptized for the remission of your sins, after you have repented and after you have accepted Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and that is what is ahead of what I have been reading, then the question is asked by this writer]:

"Is that all?" Behold I say unto you, Nay; for ye have not come thus far save it were by the word of Christ with unshaken faith in him, relying wholly upon the merits of him who is mighty to save.

"Wherefore, ye must press forward with a steadfastness in Christ, having a perfect brightness of hope, and a love of God and of all men. Wherefore, if ye shall press forward, feasting upon the word of Christ, and endure to the end, behold, thus saith the Father: Ye shall have eternal life

"And now, behold, my beloved brethren, this is the way: and there is none other way nor name given under heaven whereby man can be saved in the kingdom of God. And now, behold, this is the doctrine of Christ, and the only and true doctrine of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, which is one God, without end. Amen."

So it is easy to understand that we must accept the mission of Jesus Christ, and we must believe that it is through his grace that we are saved, that he performed for us that labor which we were unable to perform for ourselves, and did for us those things which were essential to our salvation, which were beyond our power, and also that we are under the commandment and the necessity of performing the labors that are required of us as set forth in the commandments known as the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Unless a man will adhere to the doctrine and walk in faith, accepting the truth and observing the commandments as they have been given, it will be impossible for him to receive eternal life, no matter how much he may confess with his lips that Jesus is the Christ, or believe that his Father sent him into the world for the redemption of man. So James is right when he says the devils "believe and tremble," but they do not repent. So it is necessary, not merely that we believe, but that we repent, and in faith observe the works until the end; and then shall we receive the reward of the faithful and a place in the Celestial kingdom of God, which I pray may be our port, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Far Up On the Mountain

We're camping far up on the mountain,
Way up where the skies seem so near,
In a land where there's sunshine and shadow,
And air that's refreshing and clear;
We're camping way up where the pine trees
Just whisper old tales that are true.
Where the leaves of the aspens are dancing,
And flowers are smiling through.

We're camping far up where the squirrels
Have secrets in every nook,
Where the deer roam and foxes are playing,
And trout lurk in pool and brook;
We're camping far up where the robins
And bluebirds sing strong and true,
Where the woodpeckers ever are drumming,
And honey-bees buzzing through.

We're camping far up where the summer
Is cool, and the day's a delight,
Where the zephyrs blow friendly and often,
And Elysium's portals in sight;
And though sometimes the angry storm clouds
Send rain and the lightning, too,
Soon the stars with the pine trees are playing,
And moon beams come shining through.

University Station, Bin "H," Tucson, Arizona. G. MILTON BABCOCK.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"We never can comprehend the things of God and of heaven, but by revelation. We may spiritualize and express opinions to all eternity; but that is not authority.

*"Oh, ye elders of Israel, harken to my voice; and when you are sent into the world to preach, tell those things you are sent to tell; preach and cry aloud, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand; repent and believe the gospel!' Declare the first principles, and let mysteries alone, lest ye be overthrown. Never meddle with the visions of beasts and subjects you do not understand, * * * but preach those things the Lord has told you to preach about—repentance and baptism for the remission of sins."—Joseph Smith, the Prophet, "History of the Church," Vol. 5, p. 344.*

Better Foothold in Greater New York

Under the direction of President B. H. Roberts and Conference President Len H. Layton, the Manhattan conference, Eastern States Mission, held a very successful conference on May 31 and June 1, so Elder Layton reports. Two Priesthood meetings were held on Saturday, May 31, one for missionaries only, in which strong testimonies were given and the other, a general meeting for all members holding the Priesthood. President Roberts occupied most of the time, advising the Saints to "stay where they are, that God's work might grow into stakes of Zion in these Eastern states." This admonition was valuable, as many of the Saints have a spirit of gathering to Salt Lake City.

On Sunday three sessions were held, one at 10 a. m., and 2 and 7:30 p. m. The first included a brief report of the work in the five branches, and reports of the Sunday School, M. I. A., and Relief Society work. A cello solo and vocal solo added to the enjoyment of this meeting. The second session was devoted to real gospel propaganda. The text announced is found in I Peter 3:15, "Be ready always to give answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." To this text four missionaries delivered very inspired remarks giving the reason for the hope that is within them, after which a male quartet sang, "Praying for you." President Roberts then bore his testimony of the hope that he had of eternal life. Edwin Tout sang a solo, accompanied by his daughter with violin obligato, Francis O'Neill at the piano. At the third session, 160 people came to hear President Roberts treat a promising theme: "The value of religion and the way in which 'Mormonism' responds to it." Elders Hoff and Whalen sang, "The morning breaks, the shadows flee," a very fitting duet. The entire evening was turned over for this discourse. He gave it in a series of deep and well organized thoughts, showing that the value of a religion is to be able to learn from it your purpose in life. This conference, it is felt, is a step towards gaining a better foothold in greater New York.

A joint conference of the officers of the four Relief Societies of the Brooklyn conference was held June 19 at the home of Mrs. Howard R. Driggs. Elders and missionaries are as follows:

Bottom row left to right: Wesley Hubbard, Mary Christensen, Frances J. O'Neill, Phildon Huffaker. Second row from left to right: George Harold Holt, Andrew Spencer, Maurine Parker, Mission Stenographer; B. H. Roberts, President Eastern States Mission; Dr. Margaret C. Roberts, Len H. Layton, Conference President Brooklyn Conference; O. Ragnar Linde, Mission Secretary; Carl E. Weaver. Top row: Edith Pincok, Donald C. Sloan, Mollie Higginson, Antone Bunker, Charles L. Moore, E. L. Sloan, Ivaloo Jeppson, Ernest Hulet, Mission Bookkeeper; Leyonna Van Kampen.



OFFICERS AND MISSIONARIES OF THE MANHATTAN CONFERENCE, NEW YORK

(See names on opposite page.)

From Oakland, Indiana

On June 29 a conference of South Indiana, Northern States mission, was held. "The conference is in a very healthy condition; a vigorous summer campaign is well under way. The missionaries are seeking the honest in heart in localities not worked before in many years, and they are reporting unprecedented success. Our purpose is to place a Book of Mormon in every home. In some towns the people are so eager to receive them that one pair of elders was recently enabled to dispose of fifty-eight in less than two days. Our aim is to hold a meeting every night, either cottage or open air. In these meetings the elders and sisters of the Indianapolis branch with the assistance of the local Priesthood, have done a great work. The gospel message is sounded from four to five nights each week on the street corners of this city. Most of our audiences are intelligent, thinking men and we consider our meetings a great success. We look for a great harvest before the autumn sets in."—*DeWitt J. Paul*, Conference President.



Missionaries, left to right, sitting: Mae Peterson, Tremonton; Lydia Farnsworth, Garland; Dr. John H. Taylor, president Northern States mission; DeWitt J. Paul, Rigby, Idaho, president Southern Indiana conference; Adelia Broderick, Roosevelt; Alberta Wuthrich, Salt Lake City. Standing: Lawrence E. Bowcutt, Garland; Alvin Rigby, Hibbard, Idaho; Stanley W. Johnson, Ephraim; John A. Lambert, Kamas; Rasmus Albrechtsen, Emery, Utah; J. Harold Matson, Rexburg, Idaho; Ernest E. Hanks, Salem; Andrew Somerville, Moab, Utah.

A Comparison

President Augus T. Wright of the New Zealand mission encloses a cut of the altar as found in the tomb of Tutankhamen and calls attention to the fact that it has interested him very much. He says: "In the cut of the characters taken from the papyrus, from which was translated by Joseph Smith the Book of Abraham, is one feature, number 4, representing the altar on which sacrifices were made by the idolatrous priests, etc. This rather unusual looking altar was used in the time of the Pharaohs of which Tutankhamen was one. One of these altars, as will be seen from the recent collection of treasures from his tomb, is almost an exact reproduction of the cut presented by Joseph Smith in the Pearl of Great Price many years ago, as copied from the papyrus by him and placed as a frontispiece in the Book of Abraham. It is the most convincing evidence possible of Joseph Smith's claim

with reference to the papyrus and the Book of Abraham. This illustration, as so often happens, has been brought to light by those not of our faith and without any intention on their part of establishing or



Wonderful replica of Luxor tomb, to be exhibited at Wembley. An exact, full-sized reproduction of the Tomb of Tutankhamen has been made for the British Empire Exhibition. Gold valued at thousands of pounds has been beaten for the gilding. A general view of the tomb, showing guardians.

confirming the truth. It is clearly a fact that if the picture in the Book of Abraham had been drawn from Joseph Smith's imagination, his statement could not have been confirmed eighty-nine years afterwards and fully verified by those who would have scoffed previously at these facts and called it pretensions on the part of the Prophet Joseph."

An Easter Cottage Meeting in Old England

Easter morning dawned bright and clear, with all the glory of new life, for which the day is held sacred. Elder ——— and myself looked out of our little window in the second story of a small, quaint English cottage; one of a small group, all with the red tile roofs and diminutive yards full of brilliant flowers, surrounded by the ever present hedges. Looking toward the south one sees the narrow, winding country road, paved with small stones, leading out into the beautiful, green, uneven country. In place of the unsightly wire fences of America, along the country roads, we see the beautiful hedges in full bloom, neatly trimmed, growing on either side of the road, making the landscape look as if a slow, sluggish stream were flowing between flower-covered banks, through fields of glowing red poppies.

In the old cottage, amid the wonderful surroundings, we held a Book of Mormon class, studying about the inhabitants of a now almost forgotten time and civilization. Our lesson touched upon the once beautiful country, the rich cities and wonderful edifices they had builded while their hearts were turned toward the Lord their God, also the great apostasy that took hold upon

the hearts of the people and led to their destruction and finally to their annihilation.

About the time we were to start our Easter service—six Saints being present—the bells in the large mathedral near by began to ring in rapid succession, as only English bells can—telling the people of the town that their great Easter Service was about to begin.

In the little humble cottage, owned by an old couple of faithful Latter-day Saints, we bore our simple testimonies of the goodness of God in giving us the gospel and the privilege of having these humble quarters to offer our thanks and gratitude for all that we have received from his gracious hand. As our meeting progressed, in the lowly quarters, the fashionable people of the town made their way to the great church, to hear and see the greatest service of the year. The ministers, and there were many, came in procession covered with beautiful robes of scarlet, trimmed with bright gold and silver. The beauty of the church was almost beyond description—the people in their new spring clothes, the golden altar illuminated with huge lighted candles, surrounded by the rising fumes of burning incense. The sight was one that would remain in the minds of the people for many days to come. The service consisted of countless, meaningless, foreign ceremonies, intermixed with words and chanting of little meaning to the usual listeners. The sermon was one that only an orator could compose, yet it contained only a dead form of the gospel mixed with the philosophies of man.

Of these two services, one was of the essence of the humble Savior, the other the vain creations of man. The sight that greeted the eyes of the prophet Alma upon his missionary visit to the Zoramites, of their greed, stiff-neckedness and creations of forms of worship, could not these be compared, and in time the same dire result overtake the self-righteous of the land today?

"For my people have committed two evils: they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."—Jer. 2:13.

—J. D. M., North Walsham, Norfolk, England.

Do All Things Without Murmurings

Elder Carrol L. Olsen, Tasmania, Australia, writes: "We consider the *Era* a great help to us in our missionary work here in the South Pacific. Many investigators have been influenced for good by reading its articles and valuable teachings. Elder William LaVon Robinson, Boise, Idaho, and myself are laboring among the people of North Tasmania, with Launceston as our headquarters. We find great joy in our work and the blessings of the Lord have been abundantly showered upon us. We are trying to follow the advice of the Apostle Paul: 'Do all things without murmurings and disputings, that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain.'"

Thirty Baptisms—110% Increase of Investigators

"This is a group photo taken on the day of our last semi-annual sheffield conference, May 18, 1924. It was by far the most successful held in the Sheffield conference, since pre-war days. Under the inspirational leadership of President David O. McKay a great work is being accomplished. We are still subjected to some rather severe treatment at the hands of bitter assailants, yet this spirit of mobocracy seems to be waning. During the months of March, April, May and June of this year we baptized thirty people exceeding the total number of baptisms for 1923. Our number of

investigators has increased 110 per cent, and all of our meetings are unusually well attended. The Saints are united and performing a splendid missionary work.



"The names on the photo are as follows, standing from left to right: G. Kimball Mellor, conference clerk, Manti; James T. Buddell, Birmingham conference; Elwood G. Meadows, Leeds conference; Rollo E. Watkins, Ogden; Scott S. McCune, Santa Monica, California; Fielding K. Smith, conference president, Salt Lake City; Vernon P. Cole, Preston, Idaho; Rowland V. Walker, Salt Lake City; Sister Emma Ray McKay, president of the Relief Societies; Willard Boden, Logan; Lyle A. Riggs, Mesa, Arizona; David O. McKay, president of the European mission; Ernest K. Freckleton, president of the Liverpool conference, Eureka; George C. Midgley, Salt Lake City; F. Peter Jones, Monticello; William A. Monson, Liverpool office, Ogden; Parley A. Peterson, Newton; Rodney D. Price, Phoenix, Arizona; Harley K. Fernelius, Ogden. Kneeling: Milford M. Mills, Woods Cross; Lavon E. Darley, Wells-ville; K. Marsel Widtsøe, president of the Hull conference, Salt Lake City; Sterling C. Rigby, Newton, Utah."

"In closing I wish to express the sincere appreciation of the elders of this conference for the *Era*. It is a true source of encouragement and inspiration.
—Fielding K. Smith, Conference President.

Progress in Independence

"Twenty-seven baptisms have been performed in the Independence conference in three and a half months," reports Conference President Chester Graff. "There are at least 400 Saints in Kansas City, Mo., and Kansas City, Kansas, and 100 in Independence. Kansas City with a population of 400,000, is tracted once every two years. Over 200 Books of Mormon, 900 small books, and a large number of tracts and pamphlets were distributed during three months. The people are hungry for the truth, but often fail to recognize it when it is presented at their doors. Many whom we meet have never before seen a 'Mormon' missionary. An average of three meetings were held every night, including cottage and street meetings, which have proved very successful during the summer months. The missionaries are energetic and persistent in their work which brings blessings of the heavenly Father upon them. This conference is fortunate in having had visits from

a number of the Church Authorities who gave wise counsel and bore their testimonies to the divinity of the latter-day work. Much good was accomplished from their visits."



Missionaries of Independence conference, front row, left to right: LaVerna Stone, Effa Bills, Nellie Moncur; second row: Harold Bennion, Esther McBride, Clarence Naylor, incoming conference president; Chester Graff, outgoing conference president; Flora Hatch, Glen Schmidt; third row, standing: Dell Kesler, Ruth Horn, Otis Nielsen, Luella Anderson, LaVon Cluff, Bertha Nelson; back row: Lavell Jones, Woodruff H. Anderson, Jessie Henricksen, Wilford T. Young, Riley Gywen.

Forty Baptized in Six Months

Elder A. Stam, clerk of Groningen conference, Holland, reports that they have had wonderful success during the past six months. Twelve elders



The following are elders laboring in the conference; back row, left to right: Karl Fife, Logan; P. S. Jensen; W. R. Wilcken, Salt Lake City; C. E. Thayne, Sandy; Asael Smith; Stanley Sharp, Salt Lake City; W. K. Potts, Ogden; H. Noorda, Salt Lake City. Front row: Mrs. Joseph Weston, Joseph Weston, Ogden; R. J. Cameron, conference president; A. Stam, conference clerk, Salt Lake City, Utah.

are laboring there, and they have baptized forty people during the time named. "The elders are greatly enjoying their labors. Our future looks very

bright and the prospects of bringing many people to a knowledge of the gospel are very promising."

Progress in the Sacramento-Gridley Conference

Since our conference, May 23-25, the missionaries have been doing excellent work in Chico, Marysville, Stockton, and Sacramento. Well attended street meetings in each of these cities have been held. The missionaries are working in harmony to further the cause, and are succeeding in getting some people to investigate and to read the Book of Mormon, resulting in the placing of books each month.

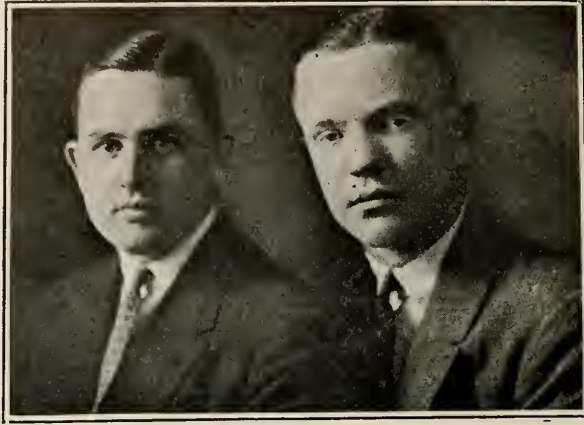


Missionaries, left to right, top row: Mary B. Ostland, Margaret E. Caldwell, Jane F. Stewart; second row: Ada L. Funk, G. M. Christiansen, Winnifred Evans; third row: E. Booth Sorenson, W. F. Montgomery; fourth row: Carrol N. Madsen, Wendell M. Jensen, Clyde Thompson, Jos. W. McMurrin mission president; W. Vernal Denning, conference president, released; J. Maynard Summers; Benj. J. Lott, present conference president; fifth row: Glen W. Durfey, Ellsworth E. Weaver; sixth row: Moselle Michaelson, B. F. Zimmerman, Eunice Simpson; bottom row, Ina Larsen, Emma E. Walton.

Interested in Genealogical Work

Melvin P. Pickering and Eugene T. Crawshaw write from Limz an Donan, Austria, July 24, reporting that the prospects in the Vienna conference, Austria, Swiss-German mission are very favorable. There are only two missionaries in the Limz branch but in cooperation with the Saints their labors are bringing good results. Five meetings a week are held with

a good attendance and all present take active part in the discussion of gospel principles. Enthusiasm in the summer work is growing and the elders have produced wonderful results accompanied by a good spirit, so that the



prospects are bright for a number of baptisms soon. "The Saints here are greatly interested in genealogical work and we are doing all in our power to encourage them along in this line. We appreciate the *Era* very much and extend our best wishes to all its readers."

Baptized Fifty-Five Since May

Elder Ben L. Bowring, Mississippi conference, reports a conference held in Laurel: "Through the kindness of a former judge and a prominent attorney



Elders Mississippi conference, left to right, front row: William T. Berrett, Menan, Idaho; Carl F. Clegg, Heber, Utah; C. J. Podlatis, Blackfoot, Idaho; Ben L. Bowring, conference president, Brigham, Utah; Charles A. Callis, mission president; E. J. Peart, Evanston, Wyoming; W. D. Spence, Glendale; M. G. Holgate, Order-

ville, Utah. Back row: L. B. Hammer, Newdale; J. A. Wickham, Franklin, Idaho; M. D. Roper, Oak City; B. H. Dimick, Spanish Fork; J. W. Redford, Talmage, Utah; William C. Wood, Blackfoot, Idaho; B. W. Richards, Joseph City, Arizona; Liston W. Parr, Riverton, Utah.

the court house was secured for the conference. From far and wide Saints and investigators gathered. A number of prominent people in Laurel also attended the meeting. President Callis was the principal speaker. He spoke along doctrinal lines. President Bowring presided over the meeting. Since May we have baptized fifty-five into the fold of Christ. Our new slogan is 'Sell a Book of Mormon each week.' It has been an incentive to do more in placing the sacred record before the people of the world than any other thing we have done. The *Era* is a great help to us in spreading the gospel."

Bits of Philosophy

A heart full of truth is better than a head full of facts.

All the real sweetness in life is found in the bottom of the *bitter cup*.

Culture is just the ability to make a tramp feel perfectly at home in your new limousine.

Take out of the average conversation the brag, nag and whine, and there would not be much left to brag about.

If you estimate yourself at a pin's worth, you will never be offended because some one underestimates your worth.

NEPHI JENSEN.

Scout Boys

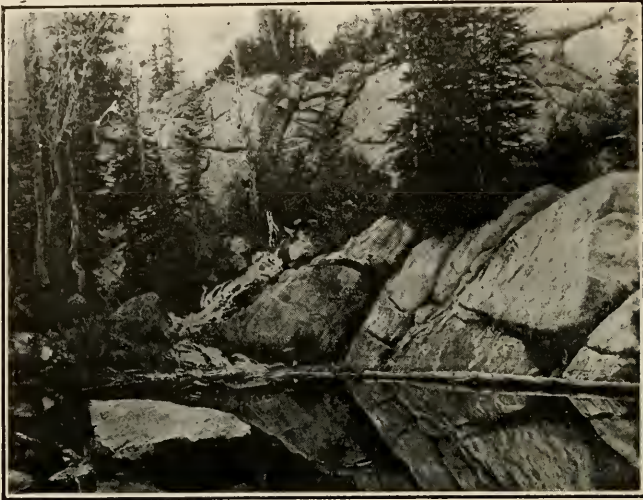
There are many George Washingtons, many indeed,
Boys who can govern and boys who can lead,
Boys who are known on the land and the sea;
But, somehow, when heroes are mentioned to me,
I think of the boys who went into the fray,
To never command but to only obey—
The boys who could follow and bleed and be true—
Whatever their names—they were Washingtons, too!

There are Abraham Lincolns all over the land,
With never a nation at arms to command—
The Scout Boys who serve with no thought of applause,
With each day the good turn, no matter the cause,
Our splendid defenders in conflict to be—
No matter their names—they are Lincolns to me!

There are princes all over, in your town and mine,
The square boys, the fair boys, the honest and fine,
For whether in palaces born to the royal,
Or home boys who rise from the spur of the soil,
Or whether they follow or whether they lead—
The boys who can Scout are the princes indeed!

Mesa, Arizona.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.



By the Stream Side

AT THE ENTRANCE TO BELL'S CANYON

O'er this wild place a thrilling silence lies,
A solemn hush that's dwelt since days of old;
One voice alone, the mountain waters cold,
Speaks of the ages, time that never dies.

To make the centuries, the moments pass—
Before our race, here long the glaciers crept—
Creation's acme still the future kept;
While ancient ice carved yonder granite mass.

These heights of stone arose from depths of sea;
And nature's labors, in the distant past,
Left high the peaks and sank the hollows vast—
The land was changed and was that man might be.

And here we came beside this beauteous stream—
Great Nature host unto each transient guest,
We speak in awe or speak in idle jest,
Yet in each heart is stirred life's golden dream.

O sunken gorge, and thou, O'peaked height,
That tell strange legends of the day that's been,
What am I taught amid this awful scene?
Hope, flower-like still, within the Soul's wide light!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

I Worship God

I love the earth—

Its wond'rous surface shows
Variety more marked than language knows.
Hills, hollows, prairies, valleys, rugged peaks;
Swails, gutters, canyons, rivers, oceans creeks;
Woodlands and meadows; marsh and wilderness;
Fruits, flowers, grasses, trees—mankind to bless.
For all this varied surface of the land
Will yield obedience to the human hand.

I love the rain—

The gentle rhythm of its drip, drip, drip
Is music to my ears. Earth's parted lip
In thirsting gladness drinks the gentle shower;
In helpless fear yields to the torrents power;
Broadens its rivers for the raging flood,
And failing, sacrifices human blood
To stay destruction's hands.
But when the storm is past, skies bright again,
Her eyes are heavenward turned in prayer for rain.

I love the light;—

Sun, moon, and stars; and little candle flame
That nightly in my window burns the same,
With glad and welcoming glow;
Breathing the greeting that I most would know
When I come back again to my small home.
The light that man has made I understand,
But well I know some higher, more pow'rful Hand
Controls the heavenly lights; that night and day
Would cease, if he who whispered first
 "Let There Be Light"
Should let these many orbs slip from his sight.

I love this we call "Life."

My own life I am glad to have received.
No greater purpose could have been achieved
If I with diligence my time employ.
I love my neighbors, friends, and all mankind,
And greatest joy in serving them I find.
I view in wonderment the mighty plan
By which the Earth subservient is to Man.
I love all things—each flower, each star, each clod,
But all my praise and worship are for God.



Making ready to land at Tahiti; showing the crew of the *Monique* repairing her broken boom and torn sail. The passenger seated in the foreground is in the act of shaving—he says: “It’s a ticklish job here.”

THE NEED OF “BACKING” A Story of the Islands’ Swiftest Vessel

BY O. B. PETERSON

It was originally called the *American*, as it was built in the States, though owned and managed by a local island concern. But it went on the reef at Anaa, and, thinking it was entirely ruined, the owners were eager to sell it. A trader, Nicholas, by name, bought the ship and after repairing it and putting it into shape, changed its name to *Monique*. It was known as the swiftest sailing vessel throughout the islands.

The *Monique* had just arrived at Hikueru; her first boat was a-shore at 11 o’clock a. m. She had left the island of Tauere at seven o’clock that same morning, and had made the distance of more than forty miles in four hours. This, even, was not her record; she had beaten that at times by almost five miles. A fair gale was blowing, and she was racing up and down before the reef, as proud and graceful as a swan. She was built low and wide, scarcely more than four feet out of the water; the shapely curves of her prow and stern suggesting power in cutting and fighting the waves, while her two masts were exceptionally long, to accommodate the use of a top-gallant sail for additional speed.

The ship’s row boat came over the reef the second time, and the

captain and owner stepped a-shore. I asked him where he was bound, and he said he was on his way to Tahiti and would take an almost direct route. This was pleasing information, to be sure, as my work was completed on that island, and I was ready to go; in fact, I had already waited several days for a ship. I eagerly arranged for passage for my companion and me. I considered this a rare opportunity to ride on the "fastest sailing vessel;" not so much because of the ship itself, but I was eager to get there as quickly as possible. The natives said, "You'll be in Tahiti in two days."

The ship was to leave the next afternoon, so we hurriedly packed our boxes and got everything ready. Our luggage was taken aboard the following morning, but as the captain was ashore in some business deal and would not likely be through for some time, we were persuaded to wait until he came, before going out. The wind increased somewhat, and it started to rain. The day passed rapidly and eventide approached, with no sign of preparation for departure. The captain had been seen a few times on the street, but apparently was busy at something, and the other work of the ship was not yet finished. Everybody began to say, "You'll not leave till morning." We began to hope that such would be the case, as the thought of lying out on deck in that rain and wind all night was anything but inviting and encouraging. However, we had to hold ourselves in readiness until the official word came that we could go back to the house for another night's comfortable rest.

"Come on," someone shouted, "they're ready to leave, but they're going down to the other landing." We gathered up our things and hurried down. It was now dark, and the boat was making its last trip to the ship it was said to bring a secret load of liquor ashore. This job was finally finished, but the captain had not yet arrived. "Oh, if he'd only wait until morning," we thought. Quite a gale was blowing, with a cold, drizzling rain; and to go over that reef at night was truly dangerous, and more dangerous still to board that swiftly moving vessel in the dark. The captain came. "Aren't we going to wait till morning?" I eagerly inquired. "Why, no," came the reply, "with this wind blowing, we'll be a hundred miles from here by morning." The thought of so quickly reaching our destination, at least, was encouraging, so we buckled to the task with undaunted faith.

The row boat could be brought no closer than to where the waves break at the edge of the reef, and we had to walk out about a hundred yards in water above our knees, carefully avoiding the holes and cracks in the coral, in order to reach it. When we were safely seated in the stern of the boat, the captain, holding the steering oar, gave his orders. Two sailors were out of the boat to push it off the reef, while one sailor remained in the boat to help the captain keep it upright. "There's one, yo, ho!" shouted the captain. We

moved a little. The next wave helped us a little more; then a big one came. "Look out, there!" he warned. The water dashed up over the edge of the boat as the wave broke, a little strenuous effort on the part of the sailors and captain, and we were clear of the reef.

We started for the ship—but where was it? It was so dark that we couldn't see ten feet before us, and we had no light whatever, by which the crew on the ship might know our whereabouts. The captain and sailors called repeatedly, and finally received an answer; and, at the same time, the swiftly moving vessel crossed our bow, missing us by scarcely more than fifty feet. "Ah pshaw!" shouted the captain in disgust. The ship turned and came back; this time they could see us. The main sail was loosened and the ship drifted our way. The small boat was ruthlessly dashed up and down against the side of the ship. "Be careful, now, and be sure of your footing," came the warning. As the boat was lifted up by the waves, we threw our belongings to the sailors on the ship, and as she came up again we jumped, grabbed the side of the ship and swung safely aboard. It was a hazardous and exciting half hour, and we felt greatly relieved when the thing was accomplished.

The boat was hoisted over the edge of the ship, and everything appeared ready for a speedy departure. "Where are the shipping papers?" asked the captain. No one seemed to know, but upon investigation, it was found that the French Gendarme had failed to sign the government papers permitting the departure of the vessel, and they were still in his office. This made a perplexing situation; to send the boat ashore again in that wind and rain with no light meant a probable mishap and the death of some of the sailors. The only thing to be done was to wait patiently until daylight.

I began to look around for a place to spend the night, and finding the back part of the deck filled with sacks of copra, decided to make my bed there. I was too seasick to go below. As I lay on that copra in the wind and rain throughout the night, I thought often of the comfortable bed I might have had ashore. As it was, besides the extreme misery of the situation, we were unconsciously wasting both time and energy, sailing up and down before Hikueru at a rate of more than ten miles an hour. We welcomed the light of the following morning, for the missing papers were soon fetched, and we were now ready to commence our "speedy, two-day" journey to Tahiti. And notwithstanding our discomfort and distress, we felt equal almost to anything in view of reaching our destination in so short a time.

The sails were shifted and the ship turned around until the points of the compass designated that we were headed in the right direction; and waving a last farewell to the isle of Hikueru, we satisfied ourselves with the thought that, at last, we were "off." We were sailing along at the same delightful speed as had been maintained during the preceding night, and for which the ship was so famous, when suddenly,—“Well, what's wrong, we appear to be

slowing down?" "Yes," came the reply, "it looks like the end of our wind, and the beginning of a calm." "A calm?" I asked, "but that won't last very long, will it?" "Oh, the calms through here last about eight days," answered the captain. Eight days! Heaven forbid; we were to reach Tahiti in two days. But there we were, and nothing we could say or think or do could change the situation.

We tried to be cheerful. "There is sure to be a wind now in a few minutes or hours," we opined. But "calm" was the correct word. Even the ocean itself became a placid lake of glass, without a ripple or a wave, other than large swells over which we floated; and not a sign of a breeze; while the glittering rays of old Sol beat down unmercifully hot. Thus it was throughout the day, throughout the night, throughout the following day, and the next six days as well. Often did we wish that we were able to steer our course directly to the port we sought—but we hadn't the "backing." We could do nothing but drift with the tide and ocean currents, and try some of the "feats" of Joshua, Moses and Paul on the elements, which we were never able to work successfully.

On the morning of the seventh day, we floated up to the island of Anaa; but as we neared it, the sails flapped to the side, filled out from end to end, and the ship pushed forth with the celerity of a race horse. There was our wind. We were soon going at our old ten-mile rate; and what a relief from the tediousness of the calm; another day like that would end it all, and we should be enjoying ourselves in Tahiti. But the ship had some copra to take on at Anaa, and we were compelled to speed up and down before the island, while the small boat made several trips ashore. Owing to the strong wind and the long distance to the landing, the work progressed very slowly, and by the time the last load was aboard, the day was gone, and the sun was sinking to its rest.

The prow of the ship was now pointed toward Tahiti, and we sped forth—but not for long. Within half an hour there was no wind again, and we began gliding along as before. Oh! this was awful. It was like the "slow train through Arkansas." Here we were on the swiftest vessel of the islands; and we couldn't have been going much slower, if the thing had been tied down with chains. "This helps to prove the fact," I remarked to my companion, "that it isn't altogether the build, the shape, the character of the vessel that gives it speed and takes it to its destination; it must have some 'backing'—without wind, it doesn't go. And likewise in the life of man, it isn't alone the physique, the brain power and the various talents and characteristics of the individual that move him forward in accomplishment. Like the sailing vessel, he needs the co-operation and backing of a greater power than his own—without the inspiration and guidance of the Spirit of God, he encounters many a calm, and there is much drifting with the tides and currents."

The recent strong wind had made the ocean very turbulent, and our ship was tossed, turned and twisted until finally the iron coupling on the main boom snapped off, releasing it from the mast, and tearing the main sail. This necessitated putting the large sail down, and for the next few days we traveled with only the fore and jib sails. We were favored with an occasional breeze for an hour or so at the time, and on the morning of the eleventh day we came alongside of Tahiti. As we were nearing the pass, it occurred to the captain that it would be a shame to pull into port with a broken boom and torn sail; so we put out to sea again and wasted another three or four hours doing what should have been done two days before, when the sailors had nothing else to do, and thereby have hastened our arrival with the driving power of this big sail. But "where there is no vision, the people perish." At about ten o'clock that morning we stepped safely ashore at Papeete, Tahiti—after a long and tedious "two-day" (?) voyage.

The *Monique* made another trip to the Tuamotu Islands and returned safely; but on her second trip she encountered some difficulty while in the vicinity of Anaa, and in a squall, or sudden gust of wind, turned entirely over. The crew and their one passenger got away safely on the ship's row boat, and finally returned to Tahiti. The ship, however, with its entire cargo, was lost.

Orovini, Papeete, Tahiti, Society Islands

Ye Olde Towne

On the moon dial of memory lies ye Olde Towne,
Mud gray, roof drab, and white;
Like a phantom that the vagrant mind cherishes,
Trailing through the far spent night.

There are faces from the past, in ye Olde Towne,
Tear-stained, merry-eyed, and grim;
There are forms that move in silent phalanxes,
Purposeful and strong of brain and limb.

All the mist from long ago vanishes,
But the harmonies and great hopes remain,
And come trooping along down the highway,
Spreading o'er the wide brown main.

The gayest rendezvous of youth was ye Olde Towne,
Sheltered by its purple-tinted hills;
With its tawny streets, and staid trees, and green lanes
And its peace, where the homing heart thrills.

Oh, long the shadows linger 'round ye Olde Towne,
Mud gray, roof drab, and white;
Oh, strong were the builders that builded it,
On the path of the westward sun's flight.

EZRA J. POULSEN, Author, *Songs for the Toilers.*

PROPHECY AND HISTORY

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1924-25

HISTORY—THE FOUNDING OF UTAH

BY PROF. LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Part I. Lesson IV. Read Chapters IX-XII

The Settlement of Utah

The next four lessons will deal with the pioneer journeys to Utah and the settlement of Utah. The story of the journey of the first company under President Brigham Young's leadership will be given special attention, for it stands out as one of the most interesting of all the pioneer companies to the far West. The reader will be interested in the organization of the various companies and the types of people who came over the trail to help settle these vales. They were a high class of people and knew how to adapt themselves to the new environment and conditions. They were industrious, God-fearing, thrifty, and resourceful. They knew how to do things and to solve their problems, for problems they had. With crude farming implements, they had to clear the land and plow it. They had to construct canals and water ditches leading from the mountain streams. They went to the canyons and cut timber for cabins; they brought stone from the quarries and made adobes for their houses and public buildings; they had to manufacture clothing within the homes, and many other activities kept them busy. The Indians had to be met, and met with kindness, for Brigham Young's policy was to feed the Indians and not to fight them. Roads had to be made and bridges over the streams and rivers constructed. Meeting houses and school buildings had to be built. They relied upon the Lord and had the idea which the Apostle Eliot used to teach the Indians of New England: "Work, with faith in Jesus Christ, will accomplish anything." The settlement of Utah is a story that inspires one's greatest respect and love for the pioneers of the days before the railroad.

Jonathan Carver and the Far West

An interesting statement concerning the far West was written in 1765 by one, Jonathan Carver, who with a small party of men came into the country of what is now the Dakotas, and, learning from the Indians something about the "Shining Mountains" to the West (the Rocky Mountains), wrote the following concerning them:

"This extraordinary range of mountains is calculated to be more than three thousand miles in length, without any very considerable intervals, which I believe surpasses anything of the kind in the other quarters of the earth. Probably in future ages, they may be found to contain more riches in their bowels, than those of Hindostan and Malabar, or that are produced on the golden coast of Guinea; nor will I except the Peruvian mines. To the west of these mountains when explored by future Columbuses or Raleighs, may be found other lakes, rivers, and countries, full fraught with all the necessities or luxuries of life; and where future generations may find an asylum, whether driven from their country by the ravages of lawless tyrants, or by religious persecutions, or reluctantly leaving it to remedy the inconveniences arising from a superabundant increase of inhabitants; whether, I sav.

impelled by these or allured by hopes of commercial advantages, there is little doubt but their expectations will be fully gratified in these rich and unexhausted climes."

In the early part of the nineteenth century, there were members of Congress who did not believe that the country beyond the Rocky Mountains was of any worth. This feeling continued more or less down to the later forties, when the "Mormons" settled in the Great Basin. One member of Congress, Bates, of Missouri, said:

One would think seriously of occupying Oregon. The country wasn't worth settling. The entire region "between the Missouri and the Pacific, save a strip of cultural prairie not above two or three hundred miles wide—is waste and sterile, no better than the Desert of Sahara, and quite as dangerous to cross." Part of the country was composed of rocky ridges incapable of producing anything, and near the coast "the soil, where there is any, is formed of rotted pine leaves, and even that is swept away by the floods which from time to time cover the land along the river banks. Today the extremity of drought prevails; tomorrow all except the hills are under water." He did not believe that settlers could be induced to remain there longer than two years; it would be impossible for them to endure the "incessant rain of four months' duration." But even if the settlement were successful it was ridiculous to imagine that the people in that far-off country could long retain any patriotic feeling for the United States. "Does any man imagine that a brotherhood of affection, a community of interest, could bind that distant and solitary member of the family in the far West to those held together by the firmest of political ties in the East? The very name of the place is expressive of its poverty and sterility, for it comes from *oregano*, a word applied by the Spaniards to an herb resembling penny-royal and growing near the coast."

To Mitchell of Tennessee the idea of settling Oregon was even more absurd. He couldn't understand how any one would desire to "seek the inhospitable regions of Oregon, unless, indeed, he wishes to be a savage." The Rocky Mountains formed our natural boundary on the west, and no man, even though he had "the most prolific mind," could ever look forward to the day when our country with that boundary would be densely populated. "Not even within the reach of fancy itself can the advocates of this bill point out the time when Oregon Territory will have to be organized." If any other nation wanted it, let that nation have it. "It is a territory we ought not to inhabit and one I hope we never shall inhabit," because it is too remote. "No sir, let those restless spirits who cannot be content to cultivate their native soil, let such beings go to Oregon, but let them go at their own risk."

These speeches were delivered before the Lower House of Congress on December 29 and 30, 1828. Twenty years from that time a delegate was sitting in the House of Representatives from the Territory of Oregon. A little over forty years later the first transcontinental railroad was completed connecting the Pacific coast with the Atlantic.

Assignment of Lesson

Read Chapters IX, X, XI, XII in the *Founding of Utah*

These chapters will tell the reader how the "Mormon" people came to leave Nauvoo and begin their journey to the far West. The main points to remember are:

Whitman's poem entitled *The Pioneers*; The Abandonment of Nauvoo; The March Through Iowa and the Calling of the Mormon Battalion; Winter Quarters; The Preparation to Move to the West; The First Company of Pioneers Under Brigham Young; The Journey to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Then came the larger companies of 1847. Tell about some of them. What did the pioneers bring with them over the plains? What kind of people were they? What ideals did they have? For an example of how the pioneers met their difficulties on the plains, tell the story of John R. Young.

1. Have the members of the class obtain a story of some pioneer experiences between the Missouri river and Salt Lake City.
2. Have pioneers come and relate their experiences to the class. In nearly every town and city of Utah, are those who walked all the way from Council Bluffs to Utah.
3. Give as many reasons as you can why the Latter-day Saints moved westward to the Great Basin.
4. Why were they successful in their journey?
5. Tell something of the life of Brigham Young and his companions, like Orson Pratt, Erastus Snow, John Pack, Wilford Woodruff, and others. Read about Brigham Young in the *Era* for July, 1923, page 818, and preceding volumes; also June, 1924, pp. 784-86. Give three reasons why he was a truly great man. Larned says in his *Study of Greatness in Men* that, "there must be a great motive in what a man does; a great object and the use of great powers; and a great character behind action." Read "He Believed," *Young Woman's Journal*, June 1924.

Lesson V. Read Chapters XIII, XIV, XV and XVI

These chapters will tell you about the hand cart parties, irrigation and how the vales of Utah were explored and colonized. Some very beautiful verses from the Bible will give you the spirit of the pioneers as they colonized Utah and developed irrigation. In Isaiah 35:1, 6 are these words:

"The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." * * *

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."

1. Tell the story of the hand cart migration. Why was it necessary to resort to carts in order to get the people to Utah from the Missouri River? What were some of the hardships endured?
2. How many people approximately crossed the plains in the hand cart companies?
3. Why were the pioneers forced to practice irrigation? Who were the first irrigators in America?

The following outline will help you to understand the history of the irrigation in this country:

Canals:

In ancient America, irrigation practiced in the cultivation of crops. Most important of these in the valley of the Gila river and its tributaries in southern Arizona. Here many miles of ditches; in some instances extending ten miles from the stream from which the water was diverted.

Frank M. Cushing reports that the canals of the Gila Valley together with those of the Casa Grande ruins and other communities and cities, demonstrate the fact that at one time a vast sedentary and agricultural population existed. Eleven main canals have been found; 135 miles actually traced. These capable of watering 100,000 acres of land. Individual canals went for twenty-five miles. In Salt River Valley, 200,000 to 250,000 acres capable of being irrigated.

Some of the ancient ditches, 7 feet to 9 feet wide, 4 feet wide at bottom. At surface, 30 feet wide, both bottom and side carefully plastered with clay to prevent seepage.

Remains of wooden head gates have been found. Great engineering skill shown in these canals.

Several of these canals have been utilized by the farmers and pioneers of Arizona. In one instance, a saving of from \$20,000 to \$25,000 to the "Mormon" pioneers. Near Mesa, a canal in an ancient volcanic knoll for three miles. Used by the settlers. Many such ditches in the valley of the Rio Verde.

Irrigation 1847:

The "Mormon" pioneers settled on City Creek, July 24, 1847.

The first irrigation by an advance company under Professor Orson Pratt. First Anglo-Saxon irrigators, July 23. The beginning of a system that has made the western farmer a competing force in the world's history. Every one ploughing and sowing. Streams were protected and springs developed. Canals run from the first, and the highest public utilities. Headworks and dams constructed by co-operative labor. No money in circulation. None needed. Lumbermen felled the trees and obtained the lumber for flumes, gates, and bridges. Masons mixed the mortar and prepared the rock. This method of associated industry necessary for every colony in Utah; began by the farmers co-operating in tilling the soil.

The village community became the unit around which were the farms. Laying out of Salt Lake City. Every man to be a landowner. No man to monopolize land, and none to speculate.

Town sites always on some stream of water, for irrigation and culinary purposes. It was taught that if "agriculture in arid regions was to be successful, there must be a small farm unit; diversified production; intensely cultivated; and faithfully fertilized." Each man in Salt Lake an acre and $\frac{1}{4}$. For garden. A simple economic system. Labor to be man's capital.

The first year. Spring of 1847. Corn, wheat, potatoes, melons, pumpkins, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat. Oats 60 bu. to one planted. Parley P. Pratt writes: "I had a good harvest of wheat and rye without irrigation." The gulls.

The Harvest Feast of 1848. After the harvest of 1849, no one wanted breadstuffs for six years.

1850; 11,500 inhabitants in valley. 16,000 acres under cultivation; 120,711 bu. of grain raised; 45,000 bu. potatoes.

Two stanzas from the *Irrigation Ode*, by Mrs. Gilbert McClurg, will show its spirit. The first stanza is "The Desert:—"

Oh! Desert Land!

The land of the smiting sun-glare, deep blue of the star-pierced night,
Of rock-piles heights and chasms, awe-fraught to the dizzying sight,
Where the shadow ever chases the light of the blinding day
With purple and pink and crimson, opalescent and far away;
The candlesticks of the cactus flame-torches here uphold!
Sunflower disks and feathery mustard spread fields of the cloth of gold.
The polished cups of amole are girded with spears of thorn—
When the desert wind arises,—and they fade as they are born!
The rainbow-colored spaces, wan and withered in a breath;
Bones of man and beast lie together, under mirage-mock of death!

Chorus:

Life of sky and sand awaking to prey when all is done:
Land of the desolate people, born of sirrocco and sun!
Oh! Desert Land!

A subsequent stanza is "The Irrigated Region:"

Oh! Glorious land!

The land of homes for the homeless; the shepherded flocks and herds;
The land where the green-walled thickets are choral with songs of birds;
Where, over ancient furrows, silver streamlets are re-drawn;
Where slopes, once arid, lie teeming with wealth of the vine and corn;
The land of sunny spaces, the land of leafy glades;
Of the faith that sees in the desert the promise of verdant blades,
Where fruits, purple, crimson and golden, roll forth from Plenty's horn.
Where souls of noble fealty, of diviner mood are born;
Where, on glimmering heights of future, gleam fair regenerate years,
Read in crystal chrysm of water, the transparent globe of seers!

Chorus:

In the garden grows the Tree of Life where Eden's rivers run,
Land of the world-dowered people, nurtured by water and sun!

Oh! Glorious land!

Lesson VI. Read: Chapters XVII, XVIII, XIX, XX

These chapters will be of special interest to the reader, as they deal with early day industrial life and how the towns and cities were founded.

Chapter XX tells about the organization of Utah Territory. President Young was insistent that the people become self-sustaining. In fact this was absolutely necessary as they were a thousand miles from the confines of civilization. At first every little home was a centre of industry, for as you will read, nearly every article of clothing and as well as the necessities for the house were manufactured by the family. This we call domestic manufacturing. Later, the people would organize in groups and work co-operatively to manufacture clothing, etc.

Discuss the following topics: Domestic manufacturing; President Young's statement concerning home industry; cotton raising; grist and saw mills; machinery for sugar manufacturing; the organization of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society; some of our early-day merchants.

1. On the Fourth of July, 1869, a procession was held in Salt Lake City which is described on page 200. What were some of the industrial organizations represented?

2. Give something of the story of early-day mining in southern Utah.

3. Why did President Young discourage mining in early days?

4. Do you think it was a wise decision?

5. Read in some of the magazines what the eminent writers have said about Salt Lake City. (See *Scribner's Magazine* for March, 1924; *Harper's Magazine*, for June, 1924.)

6. Tell the story of the settlement of Salt Lake City.

7. How was the city laid out and named?

8. What were some of the first public buildings? (The City Hall; the Council House; the Social Hall; the Bowery and first Tabernacle.)

9. Where were these buildings? (The old city hall is still standing.)

10. President Young had in mind not only a city of homes, but he provided for parks and play grounds. Every home was a garden, and every house was surrounded with flower gardens. Salt Lake City has an individuality all its own. Can you tell why?

11. Tell something about the history of other cities, like Fillmore, Ogden, and Parowan. The old New England town government was the most democratic that has ever been known. This same type of government was carried on in the

Utah towns. All the people took part in government and were free to express their views in meetings.

12. Tell briefly how Utah Territory came to be organized and named. Who was the first Governor of Utah, and who appointed him? Why do you think the people wanted statehood?

13. Why is a state government better than a territorial form of government?

It is interesting to note that the first law passed by the first Legislature of Utah was for the building and maintenance of roads and bridges; the second law brought into existence was that pertaining to the University of Utah, the first university west of the Missouri river. Turn to page 229 and read the Memorial to Congress asking for \$25,000 for a University. From the beginning, the people took an active interest in education, and later you will read about the first public schools and something about our first school laws.

Up to You

It is right to be ambitious with a worthy aim in view
With desire strong to reach it, and a perseverance true;
For without determination to reach distant heights that lift
Far above his present level, man begins to shirk and drift.

He becomes in truth a laggard on the great highway of life,
Slothful, indolent, a loafer, in this busy age of strife;
Giving nothing to his fellows, human parasite, 'tis true,
Feeding on the strength of toilers, with no special task to do.

But, like other gifts, ambition, if it onward, upward lead,
Must be noble, true and holy, free from envy, hate and greed;
For to strive for place and power, with no sense of duty then
Would ignoble prove, nor blessing, but a curse unto all men.

So to prove ambition worthy, there's a safe and final test
Of the work your hand has finished, e'er your efforts will be blessed;
Sit alone and face it squarely, does it truly satisfy?
Are you not ashamed to own it, are you tempted to deny?

Not authorities, nor critics, not religion nor the law,
Can be judge of your true efforts, or can right decisions draw
But by you, yourself, the judgment must be rendered to be true,
For no other knows the motive, that has prompted you to do.

By that judgment and no other, you will truly live and try
For ambition to be worthy, you yourself must satisfy,
So its up to you the choosing, just the height you wish to gain;
Then keep pushing on and upward, and your work will ne'er be vain.

Mesa, Arizona

IDA R. ALLDREDGE



MRS. ELIZABETH CLARIDGE McCUNE

Artist, Architect, Philanthropist; born, Feb. 19, 1852, Leighton-Buzzard, England, Bedfordshire; died Aug. 1, 1924, Salt Lake City, Utah

A TRIBUTE

BY SUSAN YOUNG GATES

All women love beauty. So do all men. The love of beauty lies sleeping within the soul awaiting the call of parents, guardian, teacher or circumstance. The power to express in material terms, that innate human reaction to beauty and harmony is given to but few favored mortals. Such are called artists by their admiring and understanding fellows. The artist may handle clay, paints, words, voice or music symbols, or brick and stone; may direct and inspire others; may use as tools only such domestic factors as four walls, selected furniture, and chosen view-points. If the artistic, creative instinct is there, those who know how to see quickly, react to the surroundings, whether they be found in palace or cottage, on public platforms or private walls.

Given great wealth, which means unlimited opportunity for self-expression, many beauty-lovers place their home-making resources in the hands of paid artisans and go their way in more or less blind acceptance of the consequences. When a brave, yet unschooled, genius

possesses the riches of opportunity, and refuses to copy or allow others to spoil her own dreams, of words, of colors, or of marble, bricks, woods, draperies and furniture, the result may be a work of art, or it may only be a conglomerate assembling of inharmonious human self-expression. At least, it will have personality gemmed within its awkward or its lovely results to shine upon the eyes of those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand.

A real artist was Elizabeth C. McCune. She builded upon a heaven-kissing hill her dream of spacious rooms, shadowed vistas, and sweeping stairs. She used as her materials satins and tooled leathers, woods laid down in rare South American forests for long months of seasoned worth; from Scottish, African and velvet-smoothed Italian Carrara quarries, came marbles of rose-bloom or pearl-finished; artists from far-off eastern cities painted in her ceiled and panelled walls scenes from Sherwood forests and Watteau, figures frolicking in gay abandon; priceless weaves from Persian looms lay on the floors or hung from archways; she gave her responsive young architect a liberal education in the three-year process. Given unlimited resources by her princely husband, she used them to create a monument to harmony and gracious architectural loveliness. Mirrors from Germany made special cars a necessity even for transportation, while Italy sent three marble statues of unusual choice. All of this became to her, like all creative work does to those who once create, a task completed, an incident closed. She and her loved family enjoyed the home; until change, the marriage of her children, travel and absence of her husband on his pressing New York business life, left her alone for long periods. Then came removal to California.

Mrs. McCune was a philanthropist. Why should she leave such a finished dream to be vacant and unused for long periods? In 1919, the McCune home, as it was modestly called, was presented by its owners to the Church. The struggling Latter-day Saints School of Music was permitted to take over the million-dollar mansion, and here it houses eager pupils, gifted teachers, who study harmony of sound in an atmosphere of harmony of line and color. What a rare tribute to creative power!

Mrs. McCune was a long-time Temple and a Genealogical Society worker; had been on the General Board Y. L. M. I. A., and the Relief Society; she served on the State Agricultural College Board, first as a member, then as vice-president; she has attended women's congresses, in Washington, New York, London and Rome. Her inspiring words have been heard not only in these centers of learning and culture, but on the bleakest plains where pioneers made harsh beginnings; in the lowly homes of struggling women; in the tiny meeting houses; as well as in the big tabernacle in Salt Lake City; in all places she has aroused in her hearers the embers of righteousness, fanning into flame with her native eloquence and wit quick resolve and high purpose.

Nor did her public labors rob her home, her family, or her friends. To them all her endearing qualities gave abundant joy. With all her wealth, possessions, and opportunities she was a Latter-day Saint to the core. She liked plain ways, plain speech, and plain life. She not only loved to give, to share, she also craved human companionship, human sympathy and understanding. Her inherent dignity and social grace were consistent with her simple modes of dress and manner. A sparkle of fun played on the surface of her natural earnestness like phosphorescent sparkles in a great ship's path.

Her steadfast faithfulness to duty never prevented her from enjoying life, social or official, in all its modern manifestations. Refined by nature and cultured by her own training she has won her place in public and private life through the influence of her own poised personality. To associate with her, intimately, was a precious privilege.

THEIR MONEY MOON

BY CAROLINE WESTOVER

"I can't make it any different," sighed Louise, as she laid down her fountain pen. "The coal is necessary, and, of course, we need flour, so I can't get any money from that section."

Louise Gregory was a little woman of the "fluffy" type, who had kept her youthful vigor, even though she had been married ten years. She had taught the Domestic Art courses at the Granger high school before she was married. It was at this time she had met Walter Gregory, who was just starting his law practice. The future seemed bright enough at the time, but as the years had passed little Walter, Jr., and Mary, had come to bless their home and Louise's cares and anxieties were increased. The modest income was stretched until it had nearly reached the breaking point. Like all happy couples there had been air castles and dreams of the future time when they would own their own "modern home" and maybe a "fliv," but it had finally been a dream of just home and maybe a second-hand car, but of late the dreams hadn't even been discussed.

On this particular day, Louise was working on her budget, scheming and planning over every cent as every home-making wife does.

"Yes, Mary must have new shoes, and I—no, I can wait a little longer for my new suit. If Walter's cases would only be paying ones."

She studied the row of figures and then got up with a look of mingled despair and disgust on her face.

"This will never do," she scolded herself, "I waste more time on

that old budget than it deserves, and the living room needs dusting. But all the polish is gone so it will be a dry dusting this time. I wonder if every housewife has troubles like mine?"

While she went about her dusting, a frown grew on her face. Her soft brown eyes were pensive in heavy thoughts, when all-of-a-sudden she stopped. "I wonder if I could really do it? Oh, wouldn't it be fun, and wouldn't Walt be surprised!"

Louise's face had undergone a wonderful change. With the smile in her eyes and her chin squared with determination to accomplish something, she looked like her old self.

"Yes, I will try it. But if I do, I must go shopping immediately and get things started."

Louise hurriedly put on her little gingham street dress and started for the down-town shopping district. At the neighbor's she asked a young girl to run over and look after the children until she returned.

At the department store she entered and, going to the dry goods department, she made a small purchase. Going to another store she made another and soon she had her list of articles in her arms. Her smile and determined attitude attracted the attention of more than one clerk that day.

When Walter, Sr., arrived at his home that evening he greeted his wife with the usual, "How goes it, Kitten?" But his attention was drawn to a new trick of Walter, Jr's., and he failed to notice the bright color in his wife's cheeks or the note of excitement in her voice. He adored his wife and kiddies and his every effort was made for them. So many years of medium success in his profession had helped to dampen his youthful enthusiasm. What clients he had had was of the middle working classes who could not afford to pay their lawyers "handsome prices."

That evening passed as usual, the children were put to bed, Louise sat with her basket of weekly mending, her fingers kept busy but her eyes darted to the corner cupboard where the purchases of the day lay concealed. Walter was studying his law books, in hopes that some day he could use his knowledge and advance himself by his own merits in the estimation of the public.

The next day after the morning duties were over, and the children at play on the front porch, Louise took her packages from their hiding place. She snipped and sewed all morning, working in feverish haste. That afternoon she had as a result a neat pile of cylindrical bundles. From each came a pleasing odor that one always associates with dustless rooms. Louise surveyed her work with ill-concealed pride, then slipped them all into her shopping bag. She was looking forward with keen appreciation for the next day.

* * *

Tom Pierce, manager of the five-and-ten-cent notion store was known as the "cub bear," grizzly-looking but harmless. He was a

rough-spoken man, but those who knew him well enough to call him "Tom" could see the gentle smile in his eyes that belied the sterner expression of his mouth. He had made the reputation of being a square man; he expected the best and gave the best always.

This particular morning he was engaged in checking up some of his secretary's reports. They weren't satisfactory, it was apparent, as a deep wrinkle appeared over his eyes. The door was opened and the office boy announced,

"Lady to see you, sir."

"I told you that I wasn't to be disturbed this morning."

"I know, sir, but she insists that her business is very important."

"O, very well," resignedly, "show her up in a hurry."

It wasn't a minute before Louise entered looking very prim and fresh in her gingham dress.

"Please be brief, madam. I have no time to spare on unimportant details," all but growled Mr. Piercé.

"Yes, sir, I will, as this is a busy season for housewives as well as merchants," she smiled at him.

"Yes, yes, but what has that got to do with this interview? Please proceed on your business."

"Oh, but that is the main point in my argument," she insisted. "You see this is the spring cleaning season and I have something here that I should like you to introduce in one of your departments and sell for me."

She opened her bag and emptied the contents of sweet smelling bundles on the desk in front of him.

He looked at the scattered bundles in perplexed silence. She continued, "These are articles that housewives will use in limitless numbers—if we show them their need for it, and the economy in buying them. The only two things that can convince any woman and make her a steady customer. I believe we can do all this."

A smile appeared in his eye, he was amused at her audacity in using the term "we." He waved his hand as a signal for her to continue.

"When a housewife starts cleaning, as a general thing she gets so far and finds she has forgotten something. Generally it's either varnish or polish or something suitable for some special article. These bundles contain sanitary dust cloths, a good size with plenty of good standard polish on each to shine a roomful of furniture, and they can be sold cheap enough so any housewife can afford a clean one for each room."

"But, I don't think I'll be able to handle them for you. I wouldn't be able to sell more than fifty in a week. That wouldn't justify the bother, there would be no profit for you or myself to amount to much."

Louise hesitated a moment, then asked timidly, "Have you an advertising manager?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't he do something to increase sales? Oh, please try. If you only knew how much it means to me to make a success of this." Louise looked at him pleadingly.

"Well, I'll see," he said not unkindly. He touched the bell button and when the office boy opened the door he said, "Tell Grayson to come here immediately."

It wasn't many moments until young Grayson appeared.

"Now tell him what you have told me," said Mr. Pierce.

Again Louise told him her point of view concerning the little bundles. Grayson listened attentively then slapped his knee with enthusiasm.

"Oh, boy, but I could make a stunning adv. on that, using her forgetful housewife idea. Why we could make a special day of it to begin with. We could sell thousands."

Louise's face lighted up again, "In that case I would have to work a week to get ready for the first sale." She laughed a little. "Oh, say you will try it, Mr. Pierce."

"Sure, sure," he said, "we will give it a trial a week from Monday. That will give you plenty of time to prepare."

Louise could only nod dumbly as she gathered up her belongings. "Thank you," was all she could say as she hurriedly left.

She ordered her material, then hurried home to put it out of sight before Walter, Sr., came home.

The week preceding the Monday sale was a busy one for Louise. She was so busy and so interested that her little home showed signs of neglect which was very unusual. One evening as Walter, Sr., was glancing through the evening paper before starting his studying, he remarked carelessly, "Going to be another big sale at the Notion store. Prepared Dustless Dusters for the women who forget. Keep them on hand, it says. Huh! We sure need some around here. I could write my name on any chair in this room right now. Better get some, Kitten, they seem to be cheap, too."

He didn't see the startled look that came to her face, but it changed into a queer little smile and she said nothing.

Finally the big day came. Louise had gone to town on Saturday to make arrangements to have her week's work taken down. On all sides signs met her eyes. "The Wonderful Dustless Dusters." "You can't afford to waste time; buy Dustless Dusters." "Keep the family happy with Dustless Dusters." As she hurried along she filled with excitement.

"If they would only sell as Grayson suggested I wouldn't need to worry so much over that old budget."

Monday evening when Walter, Sr., came home there was something unusual in the bright smile on his face. He kissed his wife in the old happy way as he explained his joyousness.

"My big case has come at last, Kitten, and the future starts to look brighter."

"What do you mean?" asked Louise cautiously.

"You know the big sale that came off today. It was some sale, I'll say. The walks were lined with women waiting for a turn at those Dustless Dusters. The little boy of A. T. Welton's was running across the street when a car knocked him down. I happened to be passing and stopped to see the cause of the excitement. The boy was quite seriously hurt, but the driver didn't stop the car. Of course, there will be a case, maybe a big one and as luck would have it, I was there and Mrs. W. made an appointment for me to see her husband about the case. I went to his office and he turned it over to me."

"Who knows but what it may be the means of your getting some of the bigger cases here, or may even lead to a permanent position as district attorney. Mr. Welton is such an influential man," Louise responded heartily.

"And all on account of those Dustless Dusters. I'll warrant Tom Pierce took in a goodly sum of money today. It has been the cause of our good fortune, too. Why, what's wrong now, Louise?"

Louise had sat down and was laughing hysterically. A knock sounded at the door and Mr. Thomas Pierce entered. When he saw Walt he stretched out his hand.

"Mr. Gregory, I wish to congratulate you on having one of the cleverest, pluckiest little women for a wife that I have ever met. I have brought her a check for one hundred dollars for the Dustless Dusters we sold for her, and I want her to sign a contract to make more and for us exclusively. If you have any more such inspirations come to me and I will give you my support."

He handed Louise the check and with a friendly "good day" was gone leaving Walter stunned with surprise. Taking his wife again into his arms, he said, "I didn't know I had such a clever little wife. From all indications it appears that our Money Moon has started to shine at last, dear, and our dreams may come true yet."

"Yes Walter, but it has been the spirit of unselfish love and work that has caused it to shine."

Provo, Utah

Index for Volume 27

For those of our subscribers who desire to bind the *Improvement Era*, Volume 27, closing with this number, we have prepared an elaborate index which will be sent free upon application to all who apply. Send a postal card giving your name and address.

Editors' Table

The Right Attitude

The value of the gospel lies in its giving us the right attitude towards life. It affords us a broad vision and unfolds the future. It places what we ordinarily consider big, everyday problems in their relative position in the scheme of things, and gives us a clear view of greater ones. Apparently big problems thus become smaller and of less value than the really greatest problem—the salvation of our souls.

Some of us are inclined to regard what we do in the work of the world as of more importance than our own souls. We often put aside the great purposes to obtain possession of the small objects of life. We miss the right attitude. Eternal life is the greatest gift of God to man. But instead of living so that we may gain eternal life, often in the hurly-burly of the daily grind, we cease thinking about our own immortality and look to the temporal works of our own little day as of greater consequence than our own souls. We argue that to make this end or that end, the immediate results of our daily tasks are first and foremost, and frequently these prevent us from living so that we may gain the big reward of temporal existence—eternal life.

What is eternal life? The Lord Jesus answered the question: "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." It behooves us to think a little more seriously upon this declaration of the Christ when we are engaged in our arduous daily tasks. For the thought will lighten their humdrum and give rest to those who labor and are heavy laden.

How shall we know God? Again the Scriptures are plain: Ask to know him. That is very simple and as little as one can do. The young people of the Church have pointed out the way in the slogan: "We stand for divine guidance through individual and family prayer." One must have faith in God, however, to ask. Jesus declared: "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Let us go, therefore, to God in the name of Jesus Christ, believing that he is, and that he is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him, and if we do this the promise is: "Whatsoever things ye desire, ye shall have them." That is a direct and emphatic promise; let us have faith to try.

If we ask in faith to know God he will surely ere long manifest himself unto us. Once having learned to know him, we will delight in keeping his commandments and doing his will. We are then engaged in the works of righteousness. This will bring peace to us in this world and eternal life in the world to come. It will place the

mind in the right attitude and cause the person to look with greater interest, and to place more importance, upon the essentials that lead to immortality and the salvation of his soul than upon the petty temporalities of daily toil in which he reaches out only for the speedily passing things of the world: "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help at the time of need."—A.

A Praiseworthy Achievement

The slogan, "We stand for a sacred Sabbath and a weekly half holiday," was adopted by the M. I. A. ten years ago, and all the organizations and communities who have practiced it have obtained splendid results and benefits therefrom.

A striking illustration comes from Brigham City, in a report of the recent victory of the Brigham City baseball team, who won the first place in the Intermountain Baseball Tournament held at Ogden., Utah, August 27 to September 2.

At this tournament there were fourteen teams entered, teams which were among the best in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and California. The Brigham City team, made up of local boys, met and defeated the Evanston team on the first day with a score of 7-6. In the second round they defeated the Malad team, 8-3. The third game was played with the Tremonton team, and the Brigham boys won with a score of 8-0.

The Sacramento team was picked at the start to win the tournament, but the "Brigham Peaches" delivered the goods 4-1. This Brigham team is made up of the following: C. C. Watkins, catcher and manager; Lloyd Keller, Jess Keller, D. K. Murphy, Dewey Sorenson, pitchers; Ott Williams, F. B.; A. H. Archibald, S. B.; Earl Facer, S. S.; Howard Eliason, T. B.; Hal Egbert, Norm Watkins, J. Varney and Karl Ward, outfielders.

These boys, we are told, through consistent work and a fine pitching staff, had no trouble after the first game in taking first place, winning a prize of \$750, a silver cup, and a gold baseball for each player. The success of the "Brigham Peaches" speaks well for a local team that has played all summer together without a salary and with poor support from the public.

We are informed, furthermore, that Brigham City has heretofore paid as high as \$3,000 per month for imported players and in some cases men without much character. This summer the above named boys, born and reared of goodly parents in that part of the state, have demonstrated that they can do things, and have besides provided a better environment for the national game. At the same time they have kept Brigham City free from Sunday ball playing. That is a

splendid recommend and a wonderful performance which the boys in other towns of Utah and the surrounding states may well pattern after. Why not, as they have done, make good with the M. I. A. slogan: "We stand for a sacred Sabbath and a weekly half holiday," and thus support the national game and our local talent? The praiseworthy achievement of the Brigham City boys is a guarantee that it can be done, and well done.—A.

Love The Remedy

Look at the glory of a rose-pink sunrise; listen to the little birds waking and calling to their mates; watch the leaves moving and flashing their dew diamonds; notice the misty gray cloud shadows tempering the glare of the mid-day sun. Any of the thousand magic performances of Nature will banish the bad taste from your brain with only the slightest effort on your part. When once your brain is swept clean, it lies wholly within yourself to keep it clean.

When one loves, one works. When one works, one is happy. When one is happy, one has charity. When one has love and happiness and charity, there are no empty rooms in the brain for the storage of a bad taste.—*D. C. Retsloff*, San Diego, Calif.

Day and Night

Friends are the sunlight of your earth.

They bless your harvest wheat,
Your marygolds and hollyhocks
And things that people eat;

Make jewels flash, light dusty roads,
Show cobwebs, gates, and bars;
While solitude hides all these things
And shows you just the stars.

ANNA MUSSER.

Reverie

Alone with my dreams in the afterglow
Of a golden sunset by the sea;
And the evening wind that whispers low
Sweetens the song of my memory.

A home in the hills, where the fragrant pines
Soothe the dying day with their lullaby,
A radiant youth whose heart divines
The love of a maid in her downcast eye.

A lover's kiss and a plighted vow,
With a star for a witness overhead—
Ah, sad is the song of the sea wind now,
For I dream alone of a dream that's dead.

Price, Utah.

LEO W. ALLEN.

Mutual Work

First Ward Brigham Achieves Honor

The First ward of Brigham City remitted for thirty-one annual subscribers for the *Improvement Era* for Volume 28, the remittance and list of subscribers arriving at the office on September 15. The First ward Y. M. M. I. A. of Brigham City, Utah, with a population of 608, thus becomes the first ward in the Church to make payment in advance for the required number of subscriptions. There is a prospect of several more subscriptions to be obtained for this year. We congratulated the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. upon this achievement, and trust that there will be many wards in the Church that will promptly follow their example. Thank you. Their action is highly appreciated by the General Board and by the editors and management of the *Improvement Era*.

The Scouts and the Church

It is designed that every scout in a Church troop shall regard his scout program as a *service* and *privilege* coming to him from his Church, as well as through it,—a service for which he owes a debt of loyalty to the Church.

The scout program is not without the religious element. It stresses the importance of religion, and it will insist that every scout shall have his religious life cared for. There is only one way to do this, in a movement which embraces all religions,—that is to place the responsibility on *each religious group* to care for the religious education of its own boy scouts.

The failure of Church troops to function to the satisfaction of Church leaders may be traced to very definite causes:

1. Failure to give careful attention to selection of scout leaders.
2. Scoutmasters who have no relation to the inside Church program.
3. Inactive troop committee who permit the scoutmaster to carry on as he pleases, even though in conflict with the Church program of religious education.
4. Starting off with a large group of boys which no one could control. The undisciplined group soon degenerates into a worse group and breaks up the furnishings. (Caution—begin with eight to ten boys, train thoroughly, expand slowly.)
5. Appropriating the troop meeting room for other purposes.
6. Neglect of the out-door program.
7. Failure to tie up the troop "good turn" to the Church program of service in the community.

Why Honor Father and Mother?

The Granite stake M. I. A. convention, evening session, was held in the Richards ward meetinghouse on Sunday, August 31, 1924. In presenting the slogan, Elder George H. Budd gave ten reasons why Latter-day Saints should honor their fathers and mothers. After having repeated the slogan: "We stand for the commandment: Honor thy father and thy mother," he read the ten reasons as follows:

First, Because I am indebted to them for life with its great possibilities.

Second, Because in consequence of their sacrifices and sufferings, opportunity for expansion in mortality has come to me.

Third, Because, by and through their loving kindness, all mortal joy has been increased and all mortal suffering has been relieved.

Four. Because father and mother stand as the connecting link between the mortal and spiritual of me.

Fifth. Because their love lives when all else dies and I am left alone, except for the undying love of father and mother.

Sixth. Because without them mortality would not have been, and eternity with all its glory would have been denied me.

Seventh. Because the purity of their lives gave me a sound body and pure blood, in consequence of which I have escaped many of the ills common to humanity.

Eighth. Because the faith they have had in God has inspired in me a desire to know God.

Ninth. Because their devotion to principle and truth has awakened in my soul a determination to stand by and live for that which is true and if necessary to die for principle.

Tenth. Because through their obedience to the gospel I have been born heir to the Priesthood, with all its powers and privileges, the greatest blessing that could come to me in life.

"Shinny," The Favorite Sport of Uintah Indian Women

(See Frontispiece for Illustration)

"Squaw Shinny" it's called by some of the whites, to distinguish this out-door pastime of Indian women. But it is just the old game of "shinny," familiar to all who ever swung a crooked stick at a ball or a tomato can.

At Ft. Duchesne, during the recent Industrial Convention, a game of "Squaw Shinny" attracted a great deal of attention and for an hour furnished a crowd of more than two thousand whites with rare entertainment, not to say amusement.

Without removing even their shawls, these women entered into the spirit of the game with a vim suggesting that they not only know the game but get a real "kick" out of playing it.

It was a surprise to many spectators to see with what agility the players moved about the field, running and swinging their shinny sticks with startling accuracy.

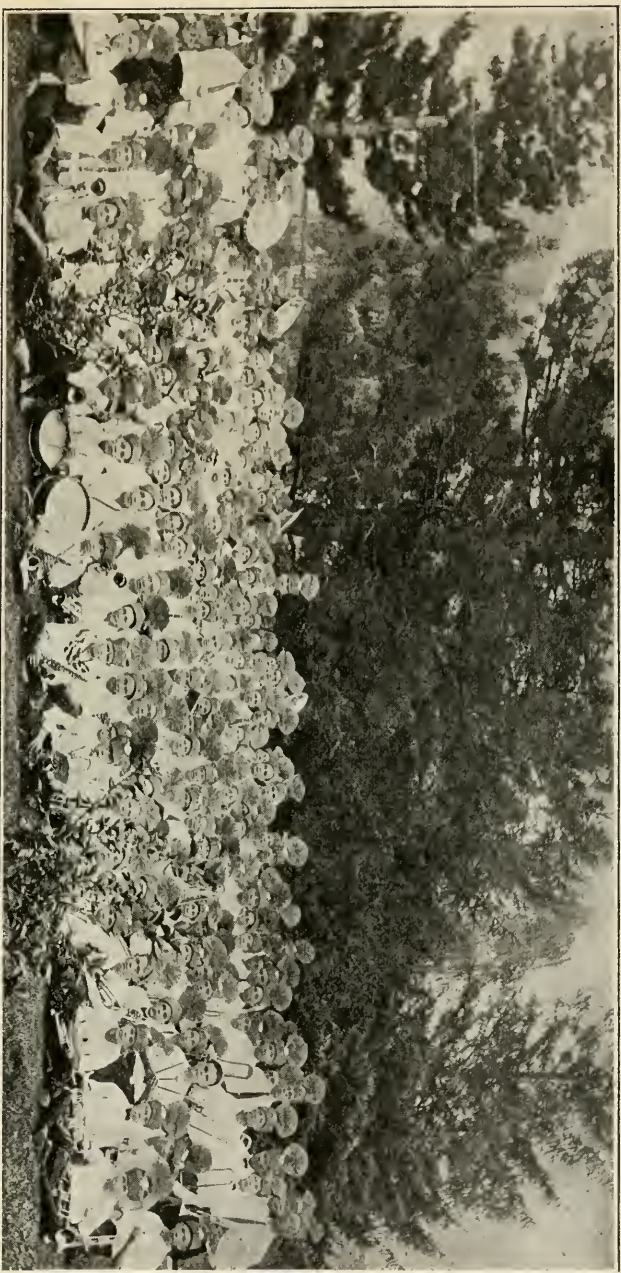
There was some talking, too, but of course what was said remains a secret to most spectators. Perhaps, the "squaws" were calling signals!

As for smiles, there were plenty of them, showing that Indians are not always the staid, emotionless folk they are ordinarily believed to be.—
P. V. Cordon.

The M. I. A. Band and Orchestra

The Y. M. M. I. A. of Granite stake, prior to the recent division of the stake, at the May officers meeting, decided to organize a band and orchestra, so the organization embraces both Grant and Granite stake and there are some members who live in Liberty stake. It was decided not to have boundary lines, but to take in any and all boys who applied for membership regardless of the ward or stake to which they belonged and non-members of the Church were welcomed into the organization. The band started with 67 members, and has grown now to 265 members, including band and orchestra, and many new members are coming in at the present time. George H. Budd was chosen president, Arnold Bergener band master, and Walter Burgener, orchestra leader.

In June the membership grew to 150 and reached its present number early in July. A few of the members had previous musical instruction, but most of them were raw recruits, and the progress they have made is little short of marvelous. At Granite stake annual excursion to Lagoon the



A photo of 175 of the 265 members of the M. I. A. Band and Orchestra, taken at Lagoon, August 6, 1924, at the Granite stake annual excursion.

band made its first public appearance and were received with much enthusiasm. The Bamberger Railroad Company and the Lagoon resort people furnished transportation, and the M. I. A. gave the members a spread that made their hearts rejoice.

The band has also given two open-air concerts at Sugar House Park where hundreds of people gathered and cheered.

At the State Capitol on Sunday, August 10, an open air concert was given and the grounds were filled with people and many expressed themselves as surprised that an organization so recently brought into existence, and especially made up of children of such tender years, and without previous training, could produce music so acceptable.

A number of state officials, stake and General M. I. A. Board members who have gone out of their way to attend some of these concerts on practice nights have gone on record as boosters for this enterprise and have expressed themselves as convinced that it is one of the greatest movements yet started among boys and girls of the M. I. A.

The organization is to be permanent, it has definite aims, has been enthusiastically received by the bishops of wards where headquarters for the several divisions have been established and much good is expected to result both to the wards and the stakes.

Fathers and Sons Take Outing

On August 5, a company of about sixty, consisting principally of boys between the ages of seven and fifteen, started from Blanding, on horses and in wagons for the Blue Mountain on a "Fathers and Sons' Outing." Ward president of the Y. M. M. I. A., George Hurst, had the business in charge, and was ably assisted by Scout Master Philip Hurst. Various companies started at different hours of the forenoon and climbed by four routes to the mountain, assembling at Jackson's Camp at four in the afternoon. The camping place was still three or four miles away on a summit of the mountain, and to be reached by hard climbing. The pack outfits stood ready to go, but the four-horse loads of three wagons had to be lashed on the backs of the work horses, and a man or boy had to ride on top of each pack supporting a grub-box in front of him. Following the trails made by the Forest Service, they climbed to the sharp backbone between the Johnson creek and the Indian creek water sheds, and headed westward, with dark depth of forest on the steep slopes down from them to the north, and waving grass on the steep slopes to the south.

They stopped at Duckett's mine, on the edge of a great grove of spruce trees, hobbling the horses in tall grass near by. Away below in the prairie to the south, they could distinguish the town of Blanding, surrounded by its checker-board of fields. From their camp-fires they discovered what appeared to be a constellation of stars below the sky-line, but it was the street-lights of the home town. On the 6th they hiked to the high peaks on the west end of the mountain, getting a wonderful view of the naked regions along the course of the Colorado river, and looking over hazy stretches of territory in Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. Below them on the west yawned Canyon Twerto, from which bears come up every summer hunting ripe berries, but also working destruction among herds of sheep, and inspiring terror in the hearts of the Mexican herders who make their camps on the distant peaks and in places of safety far from where they tend their flocks in the daylight. Roy Mussleman caught three of these creatures, in 1923, but his wolf traps could not hold them, and they are still at large. Returning from the hike early in the afternoon, old and young joined in different games till after supper, when they collected around one big fire and Richard W. McAllister led in special songs, and Stake President Wayne

H. Redd, and one of his counselors, told the boys stories about early days in San Juan.

After breakfast on the morning of the 7th all hands returned to Jackson's Camp where by special arrangement they went through the stamp mill while it was running, and then up to watch the miners work in the gold mines in the mountain side above it. After dinner they headed down the country for Blanding, and their enthusiastic yells in the streets announced their arrival in the early evening. The fathers, too, were enthusiastic, and fully convinced that men who send their sons on an outing instead of going with them, are making a mistake, and missing a great opportunity.—*Albert R. Lyman, Blanding, Utah.*

A Fourteen Mile Hike to the Granddaddy Lakes

It is only a few years since we first heard about the Granddaddy lakes, in the Uintah mountains. We had heard that parties made pack train trips there every summer, but could get no detailed information from anyone we knew. Late one afternoon in June, my father, brother and myself, started



First View of Granddaddy Lake Basin

for as near as we could get to the head of the Provo River, with our Ford bug, a region close to the Granddaddy lakes. Above Woodland we came to Pine Valley. Here we left the river and followed a good road up South Fork and towards the east.

From a sheepherder we learned that this road led up over the divide and down Wolf Creek canyon. White patches of snow could be faintly seen under the black forest on the hill-sides. We traveled several miles before we could find, in the dark, a level place large enough for our beds and a fire. While eating supper we received our first information about the lakes. Two men with a lantern from a nearby sawmill, came over for a visit. They told us how to reach Savage's ranch, the starting place for the pack trains. They concluded the distance was a "darned long" seven miles. We meant to hike those seven miles on the morrow, to see those beautiful lakes, two miles in height.

Arriving at Savage's ranch about eight a. m., we soon found it was to be harder than the fourteen mile hike we had made as boy scouts. By



We Saw the First Lily Pads on this Lake

nine o'clock we were ready to start. We left the heavy view camera and took the little No. 1, special, instead. One carried the camera, the other the vasculum containing the luncheon, to be used in return to carry botanical specimens. We were indeed traveling light. Mr. Savage was still skeptical about our making it after starting so late, but we were fairly sure. Scarcely had we left camp when a large ruffed grouse rushed off the trail into the brush but immediately came back feigning broken wings, legs, etc. We could hear her brood scurrying off in the opposite direction to which she was trying to lead us. A little farther up on the dusty trail were the footprints of a half grown bear. Spruce, here, began replacing the aspen and cottonwood as we mounted higher, another splendid example of the short distances you have to travel upward in the mountains to pass through several life zones.

About half way up we came to the first bridge that crosses the creek. It was such a pretty spot that I stopped to get a photograph. climbing over logs and large, bare stretches of solid rock under tall slender spruce, we came to two small lakes. Here we could see the rim of the basin. Then it was a dash to see who would get the first view. And I shall never forget the thrill I received at the first sight of those bright, blue lakes set amidst the dark forest of Englemann Spruce. We were at an altitude of considerably over ten thousand feet, which made us short winded, but we were soon ready to make the descent into the basin.

Establishing ourselves on some rocks at the edge of the largest lake, we disposed of our lunch. After an hour of resting and fighting mosquitos we were ready to explore for pictures, flowers and adventure. We next visited the lake that the forest service has named Island Lake. Here Lynn obtained two good photographs of the lake island, and several peaks in the distance. We had heard that there were water lilies in the basin and we were looking for them. As they require quiet and shallow water we looked for the smaller lakes. A few hundred yards from the first lake visited, we found another shallow lake, in the center of a very wide margin of thick springy moss. We had found, probably, the only place in our state where the lilies grow. While digging a few of the lily roots we scared out hundreds of salamanders along the shore. Some of them we could see with their heads shoved into the mud, thinking, if salamanders think, that they were

hidden from view. All we had to do was carefully reach down and grasp them firmly about the body and throw them out on the bank.

Returning to the trail we finished gathering our flower specimens. The basin is in such a high-life zone that the variety of plant life is limited. The Engelmann Spruce is the only tree or shrub that we found. By far the most common flower was the Dogtooth Violet (*Erythronium parviflorum*) and the Marsh Marygold (*Caltha rotundifolia*). There were many that have no common names and some that are not found in the Wasatch mountains.

On the way back to camp we continued to gather flowers and look at trees. It was still early when we reached the ranch. We had made the fourteen mile hike in eight hours and had spent three hours exploring the lakes. Father was satisfied and Mr. Savage admitted that it was as good as his horses do. That night, after two hours of fishing, we pulled up the blankets over our tired limbs, satisfied with our accomplishment of the day.—Homer Wakefield, Asst. Scoutmaster, Troop 6, Provo, Utah.

Parowan Stake Fathers and Sons' Outing— A Glorious Success

One hundred twenty-five fathers and sons left Cedar City for the Duck Creek camping ground, Monday morning, July 14, to enjoy the most successful outing ever held in Parowan stake, under the direction of the Y. M. M. I. A. When all the cars were parked it gave the appearance of a small city. Many hikes were taken and numerous points visited, namely, the Ice Cave, Strawberry Point, Duck Creek, Cedar Breaks, and Navajo Lake. Baseball games furnished much entertainment for the fathers and sons. However, the sons were worsted by the fathers. Each evening a campfire program was enjoyed, with singing, speeches, and games. Among them were "Personal experiences with the bear" by Alex G. Matheson; quartette singing under direction of Bishop Elias M. Corry and talks by Leonard Sargent on "Beauties of Utah" and "See Utah first."

The Panguitch stake people joined them the last evening—148 strong—and furnished part of the program. The numbers given will long remain in the memories of those present. The next day two very exciting baseball games were played, one between the fathers of Panguitch and Cedar, in which Cedar won, 17-16. The other between the scouts of these two places, the score being tied, 25-25.

Everyone enjoyed himself to the utmost, and many fathers formed a companionship with their boys that is not so prevalent in home life. Under the supervision of Mr. Oliver Jensen, the camp director, Supervisor Mace, and the scoutmasters, the camp was well disciplined, and good sportsmanship prevailed throughout. At sunrise each morning an impressive flag ceremony was held. Ideas for next year's outing are already being worked out, and it is thought to have Kanab, St. George, Panguitch, and Parowan stakes join in one big outing. Everyone present at this outing is determined not to miss it next year.—Condensed from report of I. E. Riddle, Cedar City, Utah.

Boise Stake Outing

At Lake Lowell, on July 16-19, the Boise stake fathers and sons held their annual outing which was pronounced "the best yet." We quote from the M. I. A. *Bulletin*, published by the Boise Mutuals: "Two whole days, with the preceding evening and following morning thrown in for good measure, were consumed in fun-making between father and son." A hotly contested baseball game between fathers and sons was played in the morning of the first day in which the former won, 12-11. The afternoon was spent in swimming, fishing, boxing, horseshoe pitching and group games. "At



Placing food in the Haangi—Fathers and Sons', Boise

6 o'clock came the 'haangi.' Shortly after three o'clock some 45 chickens, 34 dozen ears of corn and 70 pounds of potatoes, were placed in a rock-lined hole (the rocks previously heated) covered with clean white cloths, then burlap, and then buried under about six inches of dirt. When opened they were done to a turn. Such tender chickens were never produced before! And only once since—the day following. This event was highly appreciated, and when 'Chef' Bates had instructed and led a number of boys in the Maori 'bring on the victims'-harangue and dance—'haka' the appetites were keen."

Then after appropriate flag ceremony the evening program commenced which consisted of songs, stories, instrumental numbers and stunts. The second day's program was practically similar to the first.

Frank Practor directed the activities and sports; Chas. Gambling and Chas. Borup, the evening programs; while Fred Dalton and O. M. Bates, with Frank Kloepper's culinary artistry, provided for the inner man.

M. I. A. Conferences in the California Mission

A series of eight conferences have been completed in the California mission. One session of each of these conferences was conducted by either Superintendent Joseph G. Jeppson, of the California Mission Y. M. M. I. A., or President Lydia A Ekins of the California Mission Y. L. M. I. A. Sessions were held as follows: Arizona, April 27, San Bernardino, on May 17 Sacramento, May 24, Nevada, May 31, San Diego, June 21, Long Beach, July 12. In each case the program was outlined from the office in Los Angeles and prepared by the M. I. A. organizations represented at these meetings. The program consisted generally of reports of each organization, musical numbers furnished by the M. I. A., and talks on M. I. A. work from the local workers and also the visiting mission M. I. A. officers. At each conference, auxiliary officers and teachers' meetings were held by the mission auxiliary leaders, and instructions were given for the next six months' work, at the end of which the visits will be repeated.

About twenty-eight organizations of the M. I. A. were reached in these meetings through their representatives, and most of them received a visit at which an officers and teachers' meeting was held during the week prior or succeeding these conference sessions.

Each M. I. A. worked hard to prepare for these meetings. We feel that with these opportunities for instruction and effort put forth by each organization there will be a new interest and enthusiasm displayed during the next M. I. A. year, in this mission—*Superintendent Joseph G. Jeppson.*

Passing Events

Mrs. Ferguson for governor is the choice of the Democrats of Texas. Her nomination is a great victory for the anti-klan element.

War was declared, Sept. 7, by General Chang Tso-Lin, of Manchuria, against the Pekin government and Gen. Wu-Pei-Fu, the military director of the province of Chi Li. It is feared that the conflict will be long and sanguinary.

Lightning flashes on Mars, or what was thought to be such flashes, were observed at the observatory on the Jungfrau in Switzerland, Aug. 24. Previous observations concerning the existence of water and atmosphere were also confirmed.

Five liners arrived in New York, all battered in a hurricane which swept the Atlantic coast on Aug. 26. The *Arabic* had more than 50 persons injured. Captain J. Madsen, of the Danish steamer *Nordfarer*, was reported as lost, having been washed overboard from the bridge.

The United States is invited to participate in the disarmament deliberations of the League of Nations commission which is to be appointed by the League Assembly. The invitation is the logical outcome of the American participation in the preliminary study of the League of a convention for the control of traffic in arms. The invitation was declined.

The U. S. round-the-world fliers arrived in Washington, D. C., Sept. 10, after a flight of 220 miles, from New York. President Coolidge greeted them. He saw in their journey "a new record of achievement in the domain of aviation," and he recognized that it was their skill, perseverance, and courage that brought the great honor to this country.

Mobilization day was observed in Salt Lake City and all over Utah, as in all the states, by an evening parade and display of military insignia, and by speeches. Thousands lined the streets, watching the various groups pass by. Very little enthusiasm was evident among the spectators, but the occasion demonstrated that Utah is always ready at the call of the government.

Locatelli, the Italian aviator, was rescued, Aug. 24, by the U. S. cruiser *Richmond* in the Atlantic, after having been tossed about for eighty-two hours. Locatelli, with three companions, left Reykjavik in company with the American round-the-world fliers, to accompany them to Greenland, but owing to engine trouble he was compelled to light on the water. The Italian government promptly expressed its gratitude to the U. S. government for the search instituted for the missing men and the rescue.

Hebrew has now been made one of three official languages in Palestine, the other two being English and Arabic. *The Palestine Weekly* of Aug. 1 says 95 percent of the 120,000 Jews in the country now speak Hebrew in social, commercial and official intercourse, and a daily is printed in that ancient, venerable language in Jerusalem and has a circulation of between six and seven thousand. Hebrew has for two thousand years been a "dead" language. Its resurrection is but one indication of the dawning of the day of the resurrection of the Jewish nation.

Warships were being hurried to Shanghai, on account of the civil war in China, and the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan on Sept. 3, advised the foreign office of the Chinese government that no naval battle must be fought in the Shanghai harbor. At the same time the diplomats

assured China, that their governments were not interfering in the affairs of that country. In the first battle between the two provinces Kiangsu and Chekiang, which was fought Sept. 3, 500 were reported killed and over 1,000 wounded.

Dr. Hubert Samuel Pyne passed away at Provo, Aug. 15, after a brief illness caused by pneumonia. He was born in Dereham, Norfolk, England, February 12, 1862. In 1873 the family came to Utah, settling in Provo. After having engaged in the drug business for nine years he entered the George Washington university, Washington, D. C., from which institution he was graduated in 1908 with an M. D. degree. In church affairs Dr. Pyne was active, and at the time of his death was a member of the bishopric of the Provo Fourth ward.

Mrs. Anna Helena Anderson, at 262 South Second East Street, Salt Lake City, celebrated her 100th birthday, Sept. 8. She had many callers who congratulated her. Among these were Bishop Heber K. Aldous and his counselor, Elder Jack, and Mrs. Beatty of the 12-13 Ward Relief Society. Some of her young Swedish friends serenaded her in the evening. Mrs. Anderson was born in Jonkoping, Sweden, Sept. 8, 1824, and was baptized there, May 16, 1865. For some years she lived in Gothenburg, where she was especially interested in Relief Society work. She came to Utah in 1886.

The Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations opened at Geneva Sept. 1. The vast interest in the gathering was evidenced by the messages that were brought by delegates from all parts of the world, including the United States. From every nation came demand that something be done to secure peace. Former president Motta of Switzerland was elected president. In his speech of acceptance he said the peace of the world hinges on compulsory arbitration. The prime minister of Great Britain, Mr. MacDonald, and the French premier, M. Heriot, arrived at Geneva, Sept. 3, where they were greeted with great enthusiasm. Their attendance is giving immense strength to the League.

The town of Bingham, Utah's famous minig camp, was threatened with destruction by fire, Aug. 17. Six families were made homeless and twelve places of business were destroyed before the fire was controlled. The damage was estimated at \$100,000. Two volunteer firemen were killed and one seriously injured by a falling wall. The killed are: Tommy Price and Harold Anderson, employes of the copper company. The fire originated at about 1:45 a. m. in the lower part of the business district, breaking out in the basement of the Bougard butcher shop, where a large electric ammonia refrigerating plant was in operation. A defective fuse is thought to have been the direct cause.

Alfred Best died, Sept. 8, at his home in Salt Lake City after an illness of only six days. He was a well known tenor soloist, and a teacher of music, of more than average talent. Mr. Best was a native of Salt Lake, born February 12, 1877, the son of Alfred and Eliza (Conk) Best. His early education was received in the Salt Lake schools, and while yet a youth he went to New York City and studied voice under Frank G. Dossert. A few years later he went to Germany, taking work under George Ferguson and Carl Mueller, his vocal talents being recognized to such a degree that Mueller, who was director of the Wagnerian festivities at Baireuth, engaged him before the American tenor entered upon a concert tour of Europe. Mr. Best is survived by his widow, Mrs. Emma Dean Best, and three children.

Dr. Ernest Van Cott, dropped dead of heart failure Aug. 27 in Wells-ville canyon, about fifteen miles from Logan. Dr. Van Vott and his wife were returning by automobile from a fortnight's tour of Yellowstone na-

tional park, traveling by way of the Jackson Hole country. The party had been driving through Wellsville canyon for some time when Dr. Van Cott stepped out of the machine to get some water for the radiator, and sank to the ground and expired instantly. Dr. Van Cott, who was a well known Salt Lake physician, was born in Salt Lake December 18, 1875, receiving his early education in the public schools of this city. He was graduated from the University of Utah in 1897, and received his M. D. degree from Rush medical college, Chicago, in 1903, after which he came to Salt Lake, where he has since practiced medicine and surgery. Besides his widow, Mrs. May Siddoway Van Cott, he is survived by three children: Llewellyn, Eleanor and Ernest Van Cott, Jr., and by several brothers and sisters.

President Anthony W. Ivins returned, Aug. 16, from the Hawaiian Islands, where he has inspected the sugar plantation and visited the various branches of the Church. The plantation produced during 1923 1575 tons of cane sugar, bringing gross receipts of approximately \$250,000. The cane is sent to a commercial plant in Hawaii, where it is converted into the crude product, thence shipped to California, where it is refined. The industry is fairly profitable, according to President Ivins, and is operated by the Church largely to give employment to natives who are members of the Church. About 200 are employed on the plantation, which produces pineapple as well as sugar. He reports that there is a general feeling of prosperity and contentment among natives in the islands. He also visited the branches of the Church in the islands. With him were Mrs. Ivins, Elder Richard R. Lyman and Mrs. Lyman, Miss Fulvia Ivins and Miss Williams.

The German Reichstag accepted the Dawes reparations plan, Aug. 29, after a stormy debate. France, having previously accepted it, it only remained to construct the necessary machinery for carrying it out. Among the concessions made to the nationalists in return for their forty-eight votes in favor of adoption of the reparation agreement was a promise by Chancellor Marx and Foreign Minister Stresemann that the present German government would make formal disavowal of the German admission of war guilt incorporated in the Versailles treaty. Immediately after the vote was recorded, the chancellor, on behalf of the government, authorized the publication declaring Germany did not accept the war guilt declaration and demanding that the odium of war guilt be lifted from the German people. Germany, on Sept. 2, paid the first installment on reparations under the Dawes plan, by depositing 20,000,000 gold marks in the Reichsbank on the account of the general reparations agent, Mr. Young.

Mrs. Harriet Pamelea Partridge Kimball, wife of Albert H. Kimball, died at the family residence, 50 Gordon avenue, Sept. 7, after an illness of one year. She was born at Salt Lake November 14, 1858, and was a daughter of the late Edward Partridge and Sarah L. Clayton. She was married to Albert H. Kimball at Salt Lake, May 15, 1876. Mrs. Kimball had always been active in political and L. D. S. Church work, having been associated as an officer and member of the Relief Society of the Eighteenth ward for many years. At the time of her death she was president of the Woodrow Wilson club and had served in that capacity for four years. She was at one time assistant historian of the Society of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, of which organization she was always an active member. Mrs. Kimball was the oldest grandchild of the late William Clayton, who wrote the famous hymn, "Come, Come Ye Saints," and one of her sons, Edward P. Kimball, is organist of the Salt Lake tabernacle. Mrs. Kimball was the mother of eight children, six of whom survive her.

The grand stand on the Fair grounds was destroyed by fire, Aug. 29, while a Rodeo performance was given. Of the 10,000 spectators present a few were burned and bruised and had to be taken to the hospital, but

the great majority of the crowd escaped in the panic. The stand was completely destroyed in about ten minutes, and a number of automobiles were damaged. The total loss was estimated at \$50,000. The origin of the fire was traced to a cigaret smoker, who threw the burning remnant between seats. A fireman went for a bucket of water as soon as the first sign of smoke appeared. In the meantime somebody cut the burning area out with a pocket knife. The ashes fell on the roof of a rabbit pen below. The fireman returned and poured water on the place where the ashes and cinders had fallen, and it was thought all danger was over. But an hour and a half afterwards, flames burst out in this section of the stand. In all probability the cigaret stump had not been found, or not been rendered harmless.

Andrew Kimball passed away at the home of his father-in-law, John Connelly, Salt Lake City, following an illness of some weeks. Funeral services were held in the 27th ward, September 2, 1924. Andrew Kimball and his twin sister, Mrs. Alice K. Smith, wife of the late President Joseph F. Smith, were born in Salt Lake City, September 6, 1858. Their parents were President Heber C. Kimball and Ann A. Gheen. For many years he was employed on the railroad running south from Salt Lake into Juab county. He was married to Olive Woolley, daughter of Bishop Edwin D. Woolley and Mary A. Alpin, February 2, 1882, and to them were born eleven children. Shortly after his marriage he was called on a two-year mission to the Indian territory mission and later was made president of that mission, which is now the central states mission. Shortly after his return home, he was made president of the St. Joseph stake of Zion with headquarters at Thatcher, Ariz., where he has lived up to the time of his death. He served as chairman of the Arizona board of agriculture and horticulture. He also served in the Utah constitutional convention. He is survived by his wife, Mary Connelly Kimball; six children and eighteen grandchildren. His body was taken to Thatcher for burial.

Arthur L. Thomas, fourteenth governor of Utah, and for many years postmaster of Salt Lake City, a prominent citizen of Utah since 1879, passed peacefully away while in natural sleep on the night of September 14-15, 1924. He was born in Chicago, August 22, 1851, and later removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he attended the public schools and entered politics as secretary to the Allegheny county Republican committee when eighteen years of age; was appointed a committee clerk in the House of Representatives, Washington, when Ulysses S. Grant was president. He was appointed to serve in Utah as secretary of the territory in 1879, re-appointed in 1883, and served until 1887, holding many political offices of importance simultaneously. He was governor from 1889 to 1893, being then succeeded by Gov. Caleb W. West. He was appointed postmaster of Salt Lake City Feb. 1, 1897 and was helpful in establishing the rural free mail delivery. He was president of the Cambrian Association of Utah at the time of his death. For sketch of his life see *Improvement Era*, Sept., 1901, Vol. 4, No. 11.

The dinosaur cavalcade bringing dinosaurs from Jensen under direction of John T. Kay, Vernal, 220 miles, entered Salt Lake City and proceeded up South Temple street to the University of Utah on the afternoon of September 17, 1924. It was a unique caravan—nineteen four-horse teams tugging at their heavy loads of old fossils enroute to the University. There were eighteen wagons loaded at an average of 4,500 pounds each. Moving pictures were taken of the caravan which resembled a freight train familiar to Utahns over fifty years ago. The University of Utah has been ten months or more chiseling out the five specimens of ancient dinosaurs from their natural graveyard near Jensen in eastern Utah. The bones will be built in place at the University later.

"We appreciate very much the opportunity of reading the *Improvement Era*. The information in it assists us greatly in getting the gospel to the people."—*Horace Y. Whittle*, Goole, Yorkshire, England.

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"We would feel quite lost if it were not for the *Era*. We appreciate very much the labor put forth to make the magazine the success that it is and thank you as a conference for your diligent endeavors."—*Ray J. Dawson*, West Virginia North conference, Eastern States mission.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, OCTOBER, 1924

Two Dollars per Annum

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918

Heber J. Grant.	} Editors	Melvin J. Ballard, Business Mgr.
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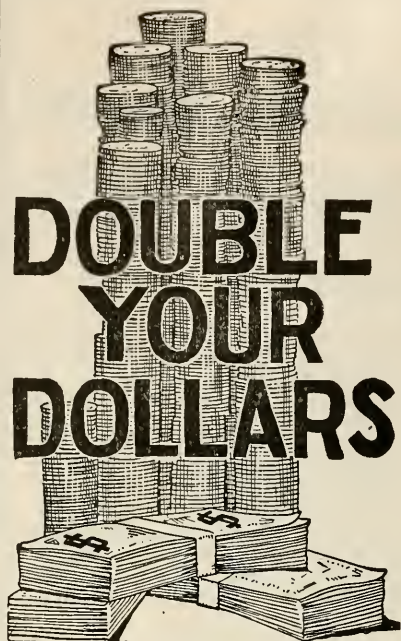
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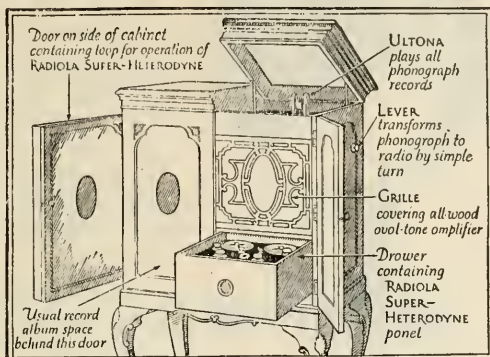
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